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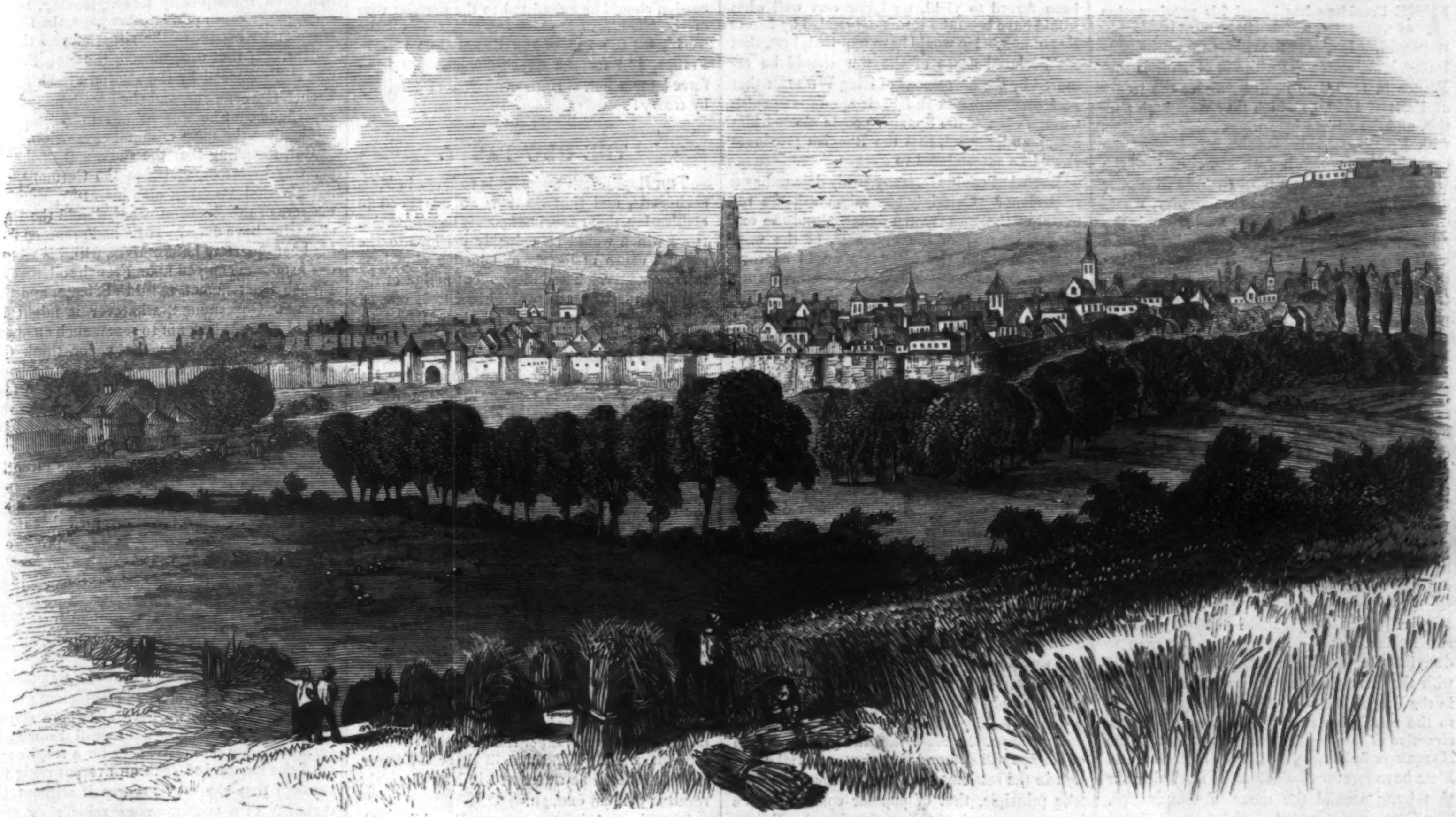
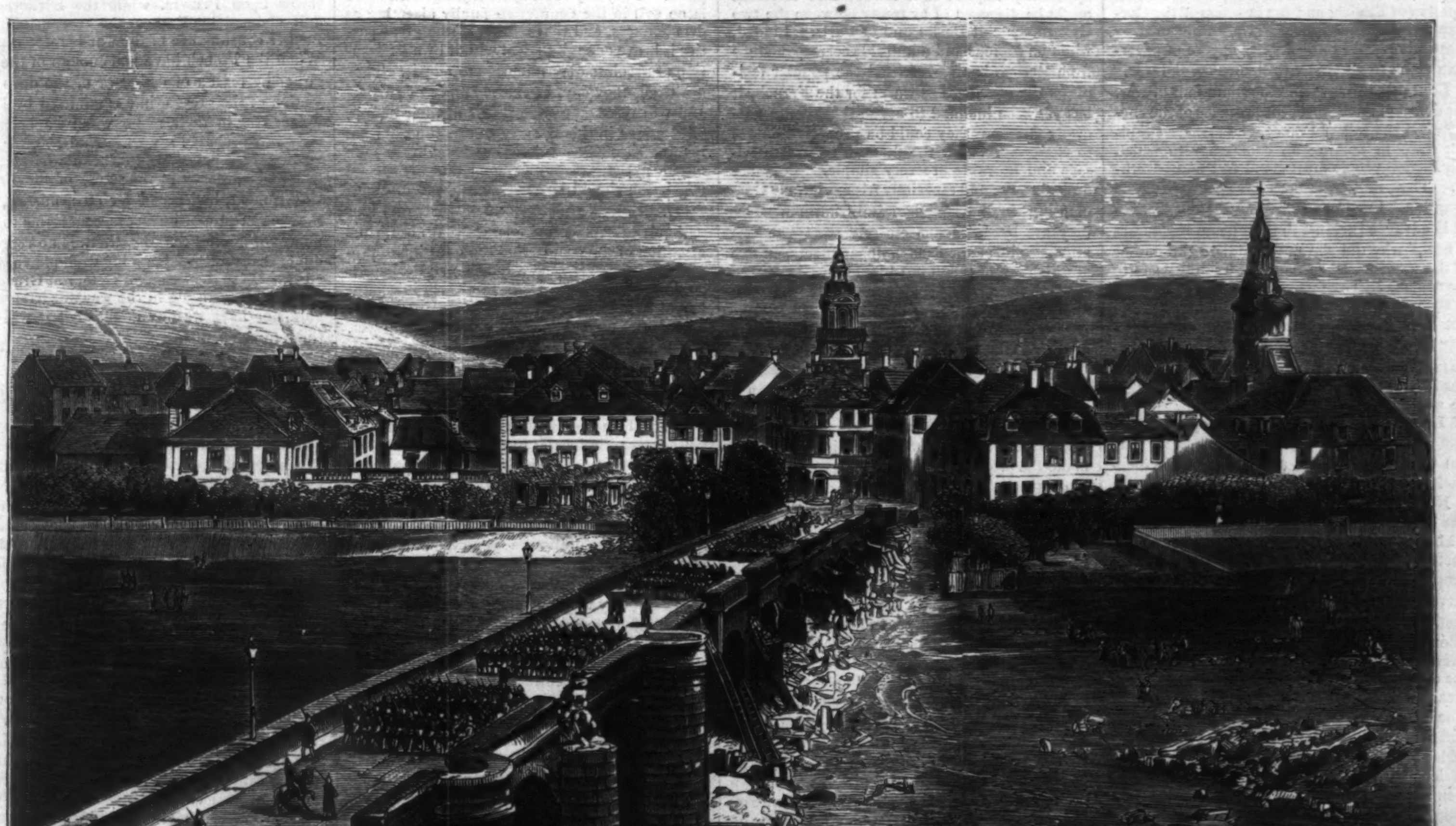


VIEW OF WEISSENBURG.—[See Page 581.]



VIEW OF SAARBRÜCK.—[See Page 581.]

EARTHLY TREASURES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME SEGALES.

The pure soul mounts to heaven's eternal day;
The angels meet
And guide it far along its cloud-wrapped way,
And whisper sweet:

"Young angel! wherefore thus a thought of woe
Of sorrow keep?
Hark, seraphim above!" "I hear below
My mother weep."

Still on they sweep; the dark-robed priest is heard,
By the altar's side;
Sad parents! see depart your summer bird,
Your joy and pride.

Like faithless birds are all earth's beauteous things;
Even while they stay
Tremble! They beat incessantly their wings
To fly away.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, September 10, 1870.

AMERICAN NEUTRALITY.

THE President has issued his proclamation of neutrality, which will be most honorably respected. It quotes the substance of the neutrality laws, states the attitude of Prussia and France in regard to neutrals under the treaty of Paris of 1856, to which they were both parties, and the stipulations of our existing treaties with Prussia, and defines the acts against the commission of which it warns the citizens of the United States. It is a most timely and proper document. The people of this country, whatever their sympathies, comprehend not only the advantage, but the reason of neutrality, in the wars of other nations. But it is very amusing to observe that those who have violently taken side in sympathy with Louis Napoleon in the present war vehemently insist that a proper regard for our neutral duties demands virtual silence as to our opinion of the merits of the case. Meanwhile the President truly says in the proclamation: "The free and full expression of sympathy in public and private is not restricted by the laws of the United States;" and, undoubtedly, this will as plainly appear in every future stage of the war as it has appeared from the beginning.

But while from the beginning the conduct of Louis Napoleon in declaring a war totally without reason has been indignantly censured by the moral sentiment of the United States, the censure has not been, and is not now, accompanied by any hostile feeling to the people of France. That they should distinctly understand; nor is any thing more unjust than to describe the American feeling of satisfaction with the German successes as one of pleasure in the French defeat. The satisfaction is due to the conviction that German success is destructive of the continued dominance of Louis Napoleon in France, and that Haguenau and Metz have forever dissipated the fatal glamour that hung around the name of Bonaparte. The German victory is hailed because it is believed to be, not the humiliation, but the emancipation of France, and the progress of the German arms has been most warmly welcomed by those who would most stoutly oppose any German claim to an unjust settlement of the war.

Louis Blanc says that the conditions of war, the defeat of the French, the presence of the enemy upon the soil of France, the menaced capital, unite in making an emergency in which the French people must stand fast and together. That, indeed, is the fatal necessity of the situation. But if, as he says, "France protested in advance [against the war], and repudiates it now," why did she not repudiate the author of the war, instead of rising with enthusiasm to his support? The fact undoubtedly is, that the French do not love the Germans, but they would not have made a war to gratify their dislike. Yet Louis Napoleon, wishing to strike at Bismarck, felt that he could count upon this latent hostility of the French. The result shows that he was not deceived. And even now the fall of Louis Napoleon in French regard is not due to his guilt in beginning a causeless war, but to his conspicuous and contemptible incapacity.

Nevertheless, it is a war into which France has been surprised; and to demand of a nation a kind of moral heroism that could not be expected of an individual is folly. The French people may be sure that, while no honorable observer can wish to see them successful in promoting the selfish schemes of Louis Napoleon in defeating the army of a nation which a French army unjustly proposed to invade, yet the circumstances are such that there can be no pleasure in the mere fact of French defeat. The Germans can not, indeed, retire, unless compelled to do so, because the force before which they withdrew would press on to the invasion of their country. When war upon so tremendous a scale is once begun, it must be fought out to an end. In the present state of feeling in France, to propose to treat with the Germans would be to invite instant immolation. Even Louis Blanc, the Republican exile of twenty years, not only does not suggest it, but declares that it is impossible. The position of the people of this country, therefore, is peculiar. They must heartily wish the Germans to beat, yet they can not wish the French beaten, except as the army of Cæsarism. For it is true, and it may yet appear, that the German victory will be the most signal service to the French people.

NO TERRITORIAL CESSION BY TREATY.

The great success of the German army at the opening of the war shows both that the German military system is superior to that of France, and that the French were curiously unprepared for the struggle. The electrical series of victories has rudely shaken the military prestige of France, and it is one of the revenges of time that a renown which was carried to the highest point by the first Napoleon should be apparently utterly lost under the last. It is a natural consequence of this swift and sudden decline of military reputation that propositions for a settlement should be advanced which involve the cession of part of the present territory of France to Germany. If the French army had pushed on to Berlin, and the Germans had been forced to yield, we know very well what would have been the terms demanded by Louis Napoleon. He would have required, first, that the declared cause of the war should be removed by the agreement of King William that no Hohenzollern should sit upon the Spanish throne, even if the Spanish people elected him king; and, second, that the Rhenish provinces should be surrendered to France.

But what could Germany justly demand as a settlement? Certainly she might ask the removal of the Bonaparte dynasty, and the expenses, or part of the expenses, of the war. Europe and the United States would approve such terms as neither harsh nor extravagant; and if Germany were content with them, her position and power would be of the noblest kind. But it is evidently believed that, as successful France would have required the Rhenish provinces, so successful Germany will insist upon Alsace and Lorraine. Many journals have already said that such a result would be very proper; that these provinces were originally German; that the natural frontier of France is the Vosges Mountains, and not the Rhine; indeed, there have been, as usual, a great many reasons offered why the victor should do what he chooses. But the remark attributed to Bismarck is so characteristic of the sagacity of that remarkable man—remarkable because he so thoroughly comprehends the power and genius of his country—that it may well be true. He says that Prussia seeks no territorial aggrandizement. He does not say, however, that she would refuse it; and, doubtless, if Alsace and Lorraine came naturally to Germany, Bismarck would not object.

In that feeling all sensible persons will agree; and we hope, therefore, that the public opinion of Europe will demand that the territorial question in the settlement be treated upon the only true principle, that of popular consent. We have been surprised to perceive that the *Tribune* apparently implies that Alsace and Lorraine might be disposed of by treaty between the two Governments at Berlin and at Paris. Indeed, while its copious and admirable correspondence from Europe has represented the popular feeling of the provinces as warm for the French, it has yet been inclined to argue that, being naturally German, they could be properly allotted to Germany. Now the facts in regard to Alsace and Lorraine are very simple. They are undoubtedly, and especially Alsace, largely German in race and language and tradition. But they are by no means entirely so. The two provinces form six French departments, in five of which out of 2,383,961 inhabitants 1,359,158 are Germans. These provinces have been bandied to and fro for centuries. A large part of Alsace was confirmed to France by the treaty of Westphalia in 1648, and France has held entire possession of it for nearly two centuries, while she has held Lorraine for more than a century.

During this time, and especially in recent years, the French Government has sought to make the provinces as French as possible. But the German instinct of race and romantic love of fatherland have, doubtless, stoutly withstood these efforts. Every traveler in Alsace remembers the strong German character of the country and the people. But the provinces, by mingling of population and long association and subjection to the same government, have become parts of France. The French nation has fairly acquired rights in them which are not illusory, while yet the facts that we have stated forbid their being an essential, an integral part of the French nationality. They could be detached, that is to say, without injury to that nationality. It is, therefore, undoubtedly the right of the people of those provinces, when the present order is disturbed, to decide their own destiny. That was the principle in the case of Savoy. And if, notwithstanding the events of later years, the provinces, by an honest and universal vote, decide to become again German, as they originally were, ought Europe to interfere, and to insist that they shall remain French? This would not be the territorial aggrandizement of Germany against which, as we said last week, there would be a coalition of civilization. It is only an aggrandizement by conquest against which a protest should be made.

But whether such a cession be desirable or practicable, it is very plain that a cession by treaty is intolerable. The intelligent public opinion of the world should require that the treaties which conclude great wars should not be armed truces, but conditions of actual peace. It is clear, however, that a treaty, concluded after a series of great military defeats, if it contains an injury to national honor, is merely an armistice. From the moment it is signed the parties begin to prepare to end it. Now, without considering the reason of the case, the mutual feeling of France and Germany about the border provinces is such, that if one country yielded them to the other under the pressure of defeat in war, the surrender would rankle as a disgrace which must be removed. Even in the St. Thomas treaty, concluded in perfect peace between Denmark and the United States, the Government of Denmark, although St. Thomas was a remote colony, and of the slightest connection with the mother country, insisted that the question of cession should be submitted to the popular vote of the island. Let Germany ask, with all the world, for the end of the Bonaparte rule in France, and for the expense which has been forced upon her. But no cession of territory by treaty!

THE NEW PARTY.

The Republican majority is so large in Massachusetts, and that State is so advanced in civilization, that experiments may be safely tried there which would be culpably perilous to the general cause of liberty and justice elsewhere in the country. The independent action of the Republicans who are prohibitionists is one of those experiments. We call them Republicans, because those who are interested in all questions of moral progress are usually within the Republican lines, or, like Mr. Phillips, beyond them. And, of course, these gentlemen see, what every body else sees, that their demand, practically, is that the Democratic party shall succeed, unless the Republican party will declare for prohibition. They know, of course, that if "temperance Republicans" throughout the country should do what they have done in Massachusetts, the next Presidential election would be given to the Democrats, the late constitutional amendments would be imperiled, the work of the war, as far as possible, undone, and the enemies of all temperance reform would be intrenched in power. In Massachusetts, we say, this experiment may be safely tried. For whether the Republicans adopt the prohibition policy—in which case Mr. Phillips and his associates would probably withdraw from the ticket, and urge their friends to support the Republican nominations—or whether the temperance ticket remains, the Republicans will carry the State. But if it should be attempted in New York the result is evident enough.

The plea of the temperance Republicans is plain. They say that, in their judgment, there is no evil in the country so fatally alarming as drunkenness, and that neither of the great parties is brave enough to deal with it by a declaration of absolute determination to stop it. They are tired, they say, of the shuffling of parties, and will risk the consequences of their action. If elections in this country at this time did not involve so many precious interests, every man might, perhaps, safely demand that his special conviction should be made the platform of his party. But, as a matter of fact, party divisions will only take place upon issues that absorb the attention of the people, and the question of prohibition is not yet such a question. Perhaps it ought to be, and those who think that it is paramount to all other issues may zealously and eloquently arouse public feeling upon the subject. But until it is so aroused party divisions will be drawn along other lines.

And until it is so aroused, is it the duty of good "temperance" citizens to sustain a policy which will be the most friendly or that which will be steadily hostile to their wishes? They might, indeed, disorganize the Republican party; but they would not, therefore, create a powerful prohibitory party. The "temperance" citizens may say that in no other way can they make prohibition a commanding issue. But that is their radical error. Issues are not in that sense arbitrarily made. Thus the Republican party was not the result of the determination of a part of the old Whig and Democratic parties that the non-extension of slavery should be made an issue. That question had absorbed and concentrated all other public interests. The Democrats saw it, and declared for slavery. The Whigs would not declare for or against slavery, and they were pulverized. But the great questions that have interested the country during the last ten years are not finally settled and overborne by the temperance question, as bank and tariff and internal improvement were superseded by slavery extension in 1854.

Of course, our temperance friends are free men, and they have decided their policy for themselves. In a government like ours political sagacity is proved by skill in seizing the opportunity of doing the most good. But the arguments of the third party, which we have carefully read, have thus far failed to show us how a policy which directly tends to the restoration of Democratic ascendency in the country is favorable to justice, liberty, or temperance.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE WAR, AFTER GRAVELOTTE?

A daily paper lately asked, "Did Prussia go to war to resent an insult to German honor, to defend the unity of Germany, or to break up the unity of France?" and proceeded to argue that, if it was for the first purpose, its honor had been avenged; if for the second purpose, that German unity was no longer threatened by France; but if for the third purpose, it was beginning an endless struggle. Now Prussia went to war because Louis Napoleon's Ministry declared war against her, and marched an immense army to the frontier to invade her. At the time the paper spoke the attempt at invasion had apparently been at first baffled by Germany. But a series of tremendous battles had been subsequently fought, leaving, as the same paper said upon another page, the French commander master of the situation and the assailant. If that was, indeed, the fact, Prussia was still menaced by the wanton attack of the French Government, and the questions were all superfluous. She was at war to defend herself against the most criminal aggression.

But, assuming that the statement of the paper was incorrect, and that the Germans, and not Marshal Bazaine and his army, were the masters of the situation, what should the Prussian King have done? If he had proposed from his head-quarters before Metz, with his victorious armies encamped upon French soil, that the French Government should abdicate, and that the new Government, whatever it might be, should give pledges not to renew such an abominable enterprise, does the paper think that France would have assented, or even patiently listened? Or, having won victories at a fearful cost of life, was the King to assume that France was hopelessly beaten, and would behave herself, and so withdraw into his own kingdom? Or was he to invite the attention of France to the fact that she was conquered, and ask her what she had to say? It is plain that, at the time the paper assumed that it was the duty of the King of Prussia to propose to end the war, if he had made such a proposal, it would have been received by the paper itself, whose sympathies were French, and by France, which believed that M'Mahon had just joined Bazaine, as proof that he was unable longer to continue it.

Prussia went to war because she was attacked by France, for there was no efficient protest against the war, as we have elsewhere stated. Prussia must therefore fight until France, by some sufficient authority, asks for a respite; or until she has gained such an overpowering advantage that she may propose it without the certainty of a contemptuous rebuff; or until other states propose a friendly mediation. To throw upon Prussia, while the advantage is still claimed by France, the responsibility of further continuance of the war is mere inanity. When the French have had enough of the war, either by reason of defeat or of the deep conviction of the great crime committed by Louis Napoleon in their name when he began it, they will probably say so. And if, after Gravelotte, Marshal Bazaine, acknowledging defeat and speaking in the name of the French Government, had asked for an armistice, with the view of proposing satisfactory terms to Germany for ending the war, there is no reason to doubt that the Prussian King would have granted it. Up to the Prussian victory at Gravelotte the German attitude in the war was irreproachable, nor have we any doubt that it will continue to be so.

THE NATIONAL INTEREST IN EDUCATION.

The head of the Bureau of Education at Washington, the Hon. John Eaton, Jun., is evidently resolved that his office shall be of the utmost practical value. We have already had occasion to quote some of the significant statistics and facts which he has collected and published, and to bear witness to his profound conviction of the perils, and the growing perils, of ignorance in the United States. There has been some hostility of feeling toward the Bureau of Education, arising from the theory that the States themselves should take charge of the whole subject. But the existence of the Bureau is justified, if only by the fact that it shows to the whole country exactly how diligent or how remiss the different States are in their discharge of a most imperative common duty. In the highest sense, education is not a State matter, but a national concern. Maine is vitally interested in the schools of Florida; and nothing was more exasperating and disheartening to an intelligent American citizen of any Western State before the war than to know that education was actually forbidden to the poor laborer in all the Southern States.

The Bureau of Education has been of great service in urging upon public attention truths that are conceded as of course, but which are practically forgotten, as the facts published by the Bureau show. It is a commonplace truth, for instance, that universal education is essential to the national existence. But there are, at this moment, nearly six millions of totally illiterate adults in the United States; and adding to these the illiterate youth between the ages of ten and twenty, and children under ten who have no prospect of education, and we have four and a half millions more—a total of more than ten millions as the illiterate population of the United States. This is the result under the State system only. Is it wise, then, to foster jealousy of a national educational interest, and a national educational authority? Is there not, on the contrary, the utmost practical sagacity in the project of the bill introduced at the last session by Mr. HOAR, of Massachusetts, looking to a national supervision of the whole subject, to secure the proper discharge by every State of its educational duty?

Mr. EATON, the Commissioner of Education, has just issued a "Circular of Information," which will be furnished upon application to the Bureau, the direct tendency of which is not only to diffuse the most valuable fundamental information in a way to secure and to command attention, but also to encourage a national educational *esprit de corps*. He has also delivered an address before the National Teachers' Association, at Cleveland, in which he considers the relation of the national government to education, and states distinctly what, under the Constitution, it may unquestionably do. It may provide for education in the Territories, in the District of Columbia, and upon the Indian reservations. It may do all that its international relations require, as in the exchange of details of information, one of the surest methods of raising the educational standard. It may call all persons and States to account for whatever has been intrusted to them for purposes of education. It may use the public domain, or the money received from it, for educational purposes. It may obtain and codify the most ample domestic information for the benefit of Congress and the country. For all these duties and services a national bureau is not only convenient, it is imperative.

During the late session of Congress there was an unsatisfactory debate, in the Senate, upon the relations of the national government to education. It was a debate which must be renewed again and again until it becomes satisfactory; and it can result satisfactorily only in a system which, directly or indirectly, secures the education of every citizen of the United States.

UNDER WHICH KING?

As we write there is really no Government in France but General TROCHU, the Governor of Paris, and the generals with whom he has an understanding. What may be the Government to-morrow it is impossible to say. The fate of LOUIS NAPOLEON would be farcical, if it were possible to read of the terrible slaughter, or to think of the indescribable suffering and sorrow, of which he is the wanton and guilty author, without a shudder. His Majesty is a mere Toots. He is of no importance. Nobody mentions him. Nobody cares about him. But there is a feeling of pity for the poor young boy over whom he has so ridiculously sentimentalized, and to whom he has given such bitter memories. LOUIS NAPOLEON seems to have excited neither love, nor admiration, nor confidence, nor respect. He has been the despot of France for eighteen years, and he disappears at the first blow which falls upon the country, and nobody thinks of him but to sneer at him or curse him. His career is one of the most impressive lessons in history. It has cured the French of NAPOLEON worship forever.

After the first great defeats M. THIERS, the chief of the Orleanists, said that a republic was inevitable. But it seems to be now understood that an Orleanist Government is more likely to replace the empire. This is doubtless due to the fact that some of the best generals and ablest public men in France are Orleanists. It certainly is not due to the Orleans traditions, which are those of corruption and baseness. Nor is it the result of any conviction that France is more Orleanist than republican. Orleanist in France means constitutional monarchy. But that, if genuine, is only republic under another name. If France is ready for a really constitutional monarchy, upon the basis of universal suffrage, the form of which she now enjoys and is not likely to relinquish, then she is ready for a republic. But the republican leaders are evidently not anxious to declare it. Even LOUIS BLANC does not advise it. The reasons probably are many. It is conclusive, for instance, that at this moment those who have all the power are not republicans. Then the organization is probably neither complete nor satisfactory. M. ROCHEFORT is not a gentleman who would be likely to be of great service to the country at this juncture. The better leaders, like M. JULES FAVRE, probably know, with M. LABOULAYE, that it is the misfortune of French republicanism not to comprehend that the minority have any rights, and with BERANGER, quoted by a *Tribune* correspondent, that there is nobody for *vice*-President.

Moreover, there is the experience of 1848 still fresh in the memory of many of the most active republicans. They have discovered that the republic in France is not only *democratique* but *sociale*, and that upon that snag the republic of '48 was really wrecked. There is doubtless a general conviction that the monarchical form is safer for France, and from all that is known of the character of the Orleans princes, it is fair to presume that, should the Count De Paris be placed upon the throne, he would be most sagaciously and patriotically advised, and that the country would at once feel assured both of the force and of the good intention of the Government. If such should be the result, and the grandson of LOUIS PHILIPPE should be made king, it is hard to believe that he would repeat the follies and faults of his grandfather. It would be his purpose, let us hope, as it would be his interest, to establish a truly popular government in France. For such a government only is "peace."

THE TROUBLES IN NORTH CAROLINA.

A CORRESPONDENT in Wilmington, North Carolina, who disapproves the late action of Governor HOLDEN, writes us in regard to the remark of Chief Justice PEARSON, that the power of the courts was exhausted, as follows:

> "The Chief Justice uses such language, but not in that connection.
>
> "He is asked by imprisoned citizens for a writ of *habeas corpus*. He grants the writ, commanding the bodies of the prisoners detained by Colonel KIRK, by the order of the Governor, to be brought before the Supreme Court. KIRK declines to give up the prisoners to the Chief Justice; the Governor is notified by the Court of his officer's action; then the Chief Justice issues another writ, which is served on the Governor, who likewise declines to allow the civil court to examine into the cause of the prisoner's detention. It is at this stage of the proceeding that the Chief Justice says: 'Now the power of this Court is exhausted; the Governor declines to obey the writ; I have no force to enforce the Governor's obedience to the law. I have only moral force; the Governor is commander-in-chief of the militia. I can not measure swords with him.' The Chief Justice nowhere insinuates that there is any obstacle to the enforcement of the law other than that raised by Governor HOLDEN himself. And such I believe to be the truth. The Governor, the Chief Justice, Judge TOURGEE—all in authority—say that the process of the Court is executed in the insurrectionary district without any hindrance save what the Governor himself has interposed."

Our correspondent is evidently mistaken in regard to the Governor's opinion. He said distinctly, in his reply to the Chief Justice: "In my judgment, your Honor and all the other civil and judicial authorities are unable, at this time, to deal with the insurgents." The Chief Justice, in turn, admitted the power claimed by the Governor "to declare a county to be in a state of insurrection, to take military possession, to order the arrest of all suspected persons, and to do all things necessary to suppress the insurrection; but he has no power to disobey the writ of *habeas corpus*, or to order the trial of any citizen otherwise than by jury." The Governor, in reply, asserts that the safety of the State, which is the supreme law, required his disregard of the writ, and that it was a mockery for him to declare that the civil authority was powerless over the insurgents, and then to turn them over to the civil authority.

As the Chief Justice states the case, it was a question whether resort to extreme measures had become necessary, and whether the Governor, under any circumstances, could suspend the writ. These are questions, of course, which could only be satisfactorily settled by impeachment of the Governor.

FRANCE AND REVOLUTION.

THE French, it is often said, are never happy without a revolution. They are impatient of peaceful progress. They are a volatile, fickle race, who do not know their own mind for a year together; and it is their unhappy fate to be forever intolerant of a monarchy and unfit for a republic. If some act of the government is unsatisfactory, they proceed to build barricades, and sing the Marseillaise in a frenzy of excitement, and wear significant colors, and sentimentalize about justice and liberty and fraternity. They are a mercurial people, it is alleged, unstable as water. They need a rider, and the more firmly he holds the bridle the better for them. This is said now. It was said in 1848. It was said in 1830. It was said by the Allies in 1815. It was the faith and the practice of the old BOURBON monarchy. Was it, then, because that monarchy did not hold the bridle firmly enough that it was thrown so disastrously in 1793?

When it is said that the French are a Celtic race, and that the Celtic race is incapable of constitutional or popular government, it is not necessary to cite Professor HUXLEY to show that there is a great deal of nonsense talked about the political possibilities of Celts; but it will certainly be useful to look at the facts. The charge is that the French are a restless folk, always upon the eve of revolution, and incapable of steady government. Now certainly the government of France was not unsteady down to the reign of LOUIS XVI. It was a firm, unchanging, remorseless despotism. It was a system under which a king's minister spent nine millions of dollars upon a pleasure-house, and destroyed three villages to enlarge his park, while thousands and thousands of peasants struggled and starved and died under the extortion of taxes. When human nature could endure no longer it revolted. The government that had sown the wind reaped the whirlwind. Then Europe combined against the revolution. To oppose Europe a French republic arose. But the "terror" was the consequence of the old despotism trying to recover its hold of France. The terror destroyed the republic, and NAPOLEON BONAPARTE followed.

He deciminated France in his wars. His object was his own glory, not the welfare of the French people. His reign was as despotic but wiser than that of the BOURBONS. But they were restored to France by Europe, and LOUIS XVIII. was more cautious than his ancestors, and humored the French people. At length, alarmed by their evident power and feeling, and by his own liberality, he recoiled. Under his successor, CHARLES X., the denial of the rights of the people became so haughty and flagrant that the French, knowing that legal reform was hopeless, rose and changed the government. They installed LOUIS PHILIPPE as the people's king. But he was no more a people's king than CHARLES X.; and again seeing no legal remedy, once more they rose and changed the government. But in both cases it was done without ferocity or blood, notwithstanding the paralyzing fears and the terrible traditions of the old revolution. France established a republic and elected a President. The President broke his oath, and, with the aid of the army, obtained supreme power, which for eighteen years he has used, not for the benefit of the people, but to secure his throne. Now he has compromised the honor and fame of France in a desperate effort to repair his personal prestige; and should he fail to retrieve a first defeat his government will be overthrown.

Can it be fairly said that the revolutions of France are due rather to the fickleness of the people than to the treachery of the governments? If, to use the most familiar of French phrases, LOUIS XVIII. had recognized accomplished facts, or if CHARLES X. had done so, or if LOUIS PHILIPPE had done so, or if LOUIS NAPOLEON had done so, is it reasonable to suppose that there would have been such constant disturbances and fears of disorder? Those rulers have sought their selfish ends, and have relied upon the army to pacify the protest of the people. They have deprived the country of the practical political experience and habits necessary to a popular system. There has been no free press, no free speech, no freedom of assembly. The elections, such as they were, have been managed by placemen and the central power. Lord BROUGHAM said that the revolution of 1848 was a thunder-clap from a clear sky. But M. DE TOCQUEVILLE had plainly predicted what every body perceived, and no one who was then familiar with European events forgets that the revolution was distinctly anticipated. A great, civilized people, whether Saxon or Celt, does not suddenly rise and destroy a good government. No people to-day makes revolution a pastime. Every French government that has fallen deserved to fall, and the French may justly be accused of incapacity for a stable government when they rush to overthrow one which has honestly sought the welfare of the people instead of its own profit and perpetuity.

EX-GOVERNOR ORR'S LETTER.

THE letter of ex-Governor ORR, of South Carolina, giving his reasons for acting with the Republican party in that State, is one of the most interesting political papers that we have recently seen. Mr. ORR is an old and experienced politician, and a man of sagacity, whose views are therefore worthy of attention. He reviews the situation in South Carolina, where at this time there are two parties, the Reform and the Republican, and he states the reasons why reform is more practicable under the latter than the former, inasmuch as there is no substantial difference in principle. Mr. ORR does not deny the necessity of reform in many details; but sees no hope for it out of the party which must for many years be dominant. The reason of this dominance is the indefeasible attachment of the colored citizens to the Republican party, an attachment which he considers inevitable, and of which he speaks with singular good sense. The Democrats who count upon the colored vote in the Southern States may read with great profit what their former chief says upon this point.

Suppose, says Mr. ORR, that we whites had been enslaved; that a party had made war to give us freedom; that it had succeeded; that it had periled its own supremacy by giving us civil and political rights; and that then those who had opposed granting us all these boons should appeal to us to join with them and overthrow the party of our deliverance and redemption—would any white man tolerate with patience such a proposition? Some of our party leaders might be corrupt and treacherous, but we certainly should not join our enemies to destroy our party until we had tried to reform it.

Mr. ORR therefore concludes that, as the colored citizens will long hold the balance of power, and cling unalterably to the Republican party, and as all old party issues, banks, internal improvements, etc., are settled, the duty of all good citizens is to see that the intelligence of the white race can never be made available in the conduct of affairs until it secures the political confidence of the colored voters. With great good sense Mr. ORR says, in conclusion, that if good and true men in the Southern States will consent to accept the reconstruction acts of Congress, and accept the new conditions of affairs, they could do something to correct abuses and restore a real prosperity.

WAR NEWS BY ATLANTIC CABLE.

THE extent to which the Atlantic telegraph is used by the American press in reporting the progress of the war in France is a noteworthy illustration of the enterprise of our journals, and of their superiority to the European as purveyors of news. While even the London *Times* is satisfied with the most meagre outline by telegraph, and depends upon correspondence by mail for the bulk of its news, American journals lay before their readers every morning voluminous and comprehensive dispatches from the seat of war, giving full and remarkably accurate accounts of the military situation; so that, although it passes through London on its way here, the most important news of the war appears first in the papers of New York. The New York *Tribune*, for instance, gave, in advance of European journals, the first detailed account of the great battle of Gravelotte. That battle was fought on Thursday, August 18, lasting far into the night, and on the Wednesday morning following the *Tribune* printed a vivid and minute description of the day's events, at a time when no details were known in London, Paris, or Berlin. The dispatch was, it is said, the longest ever sent over the Atlantic telegraph, and the cost of transmission was nearly $5000. These facts are worthy of record, as illustrating the enterprise of American journalism.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.

THE battle of Gravelotte resulted in the withdrawal of the main body of the French army under Marshal Bazaine within the fortifications of Metz, to which the Prussian forces under the Prince Royal and General Steinmetz immediately laid siege. The army of the Crown Prince continued its march upon Paris, moving more slowly and cautiously as it approached the French capital. M'Mahon's movements have been variously reported, the dispatches of one day being generally contradicted by those of the next; but it appears to be well ascertained that the French commander has concentrated his forces to the north of the Prussian line of advance, in such a manner as to secure co-operation with that part of Bazaine's army which succeeded in getting away from Metz, and to await the right opportunity to give battle. The French hold a very strong position between Montmedy, Verdun, St. Menehould, and Rheims, with ample railroad communication with Paris.

Prussian cavalry scouts were seen on the 28th ult. at Meaux, twenty-five miles from Paris. All the forts about that city have been fully provisioned and garrisoned. The head-quarters of the Prussian army were at Bar-le-Duc on the 27th.

French official dispatches say that on the 25th ult. a force of 10,000 Germans, under command of the Crown Prince of Saxony, attacked the fortress of Verdun, and, after a severe engagement, was repulsed by the garrison with great loss. On the same day the French garrison at Vitry was compelled to surrender to a superior force, the Prussians capturing sixteen guns and 850 prisoners.

The garrison of Strasbourg continues to hold out. The Prussians are endeavoring to turn the course of the river Ill, which supplies the city with water. If successful, this will drain the moat.

Ratifications of the treaty for guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium have been interchanged at London by the representatives of the several powers.

The following was the disposition of the German army at latest advices: There are eighteen *corps d'armée*, containing 40,000 men each. The first army, under Steinmetz, has the First, Seventh, and Eighth Corps at Metz; the second army, under Prince Frederick Charles, the Second, Third, Ninth, and Tenth Corps, at Metz; the third army, under the Prussian Crown Prince, the Fifth, Sixth, and Eleventh Corps, and two Bavarian corps, marching on Paris; the fourth army, under the Crown Prince of Saxony, has the Fourth and Twelfth Corps, and the Saxon and Prussian Guards; the fifth army, under General Werder, has the Würtemberg and Baden divisions, and is engaged in the siege of Strasbourg; the sixth army, under the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, is on the Rhine; and the seventh army, under Generals Von Canstein and Lœwenfeld is at Berlin. Three of these armies are in reserve.

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

A project of law has been submitted by the Belgian government to the Legislative Chambers regulating steamer service between Antwerp and New York. The contract contains a guarantee that the postal receipts shall amount to 3,000,000 francs a year.

It is announced that Italian troops are making a general movement upon the territory of the Pope, and it is believed that Victor Emanuel can not control the desire of the people to get possession of Rome.

Sir Frederick Pollock, formerly Chief Baron of the Exchequer, in England, died on the 23d of August. He was eighty-seven years of age.

The Bavarian government has forbidden the promulgation of the Infallibility dogma.

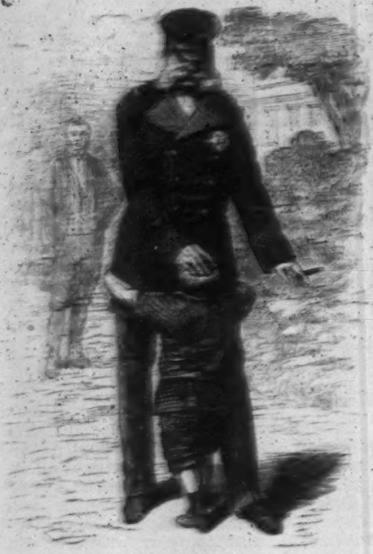
DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

VICE-ADMIRAL PORTER has been appointed Admiral, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Admiral Farragut. His commission is dated August 20.

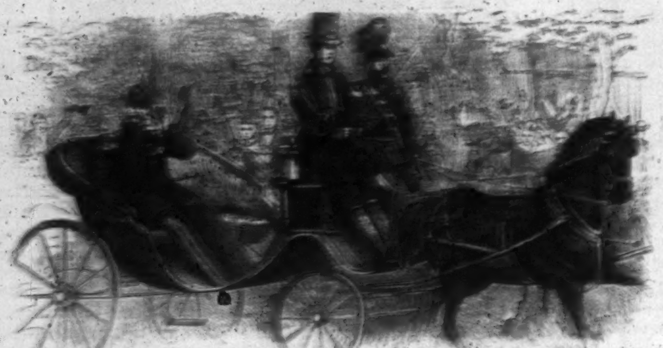
An official report from the Indian Country states that the Arrapahoes and Cheyennes are gathering peaceably at their agency, and little further trouble is anticipated from them. The Kioways are also reported as coming to Fort Sill, and it is said that they have determined in council to cease from hostilities. The President has appointed John Holey, of Ohio, agent of the Sacs and Foxes.

Orders have been issued by the Treasury Department for the purchase of $7,000,000 of bonds and the sale of $4,000,000 of gold in the month of September.

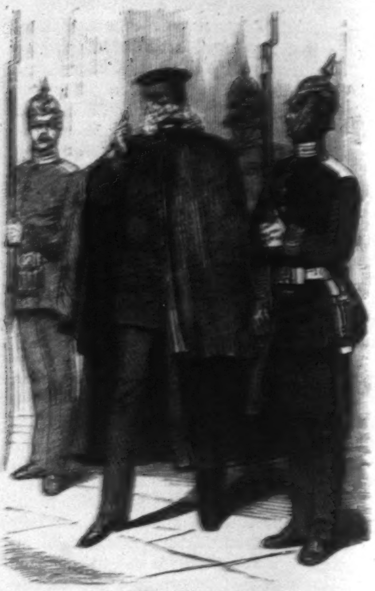
The total internal revenue receipts at the Treasury Department for the last fiscal year amount to $27,024,-388.



"MY NAME IS WILLIAM, TOO."



IN "UNTER DEN LINDEN."

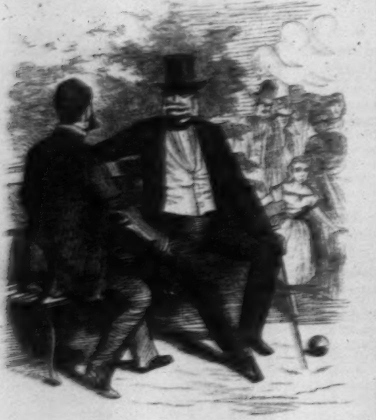


LEAVING THE PALACE.

FROM EMS TO BERLIN.

The little town of Ems—one of the most beautiful watering-places of Germany—is charmingly situated on the right bank of the river Lahn. Although it can not compete with Baden-Baden or Homburg in the magnificence of its Kursaal, the company is generally considered more select than at either of the other watering-places. It is the favorite place of resort for the royal personages of Europe, and many important political conferences have taken place there.

Among the most distinguished as well as the most constant visitors at Ems is King William I. of Prussia, who has been accustomed to resort there every summer to recover from the fatigues of winter, when public duties press most heavily upon him. He is described as a most affable and courteous old gentleman, and a special favorite with the children of the place, with whom he unbends in the most gracious manner. The following well-authenticated anecdote will illustrate this pleasant trait in his character. A little fellow of eight or nine summers ran up to him one day, as he was walking slowly through one of the parks, and, clasping him about the knees, looked up into his face and asked,



IN THE GARDENS AT EMS.

"Are you really King William?"

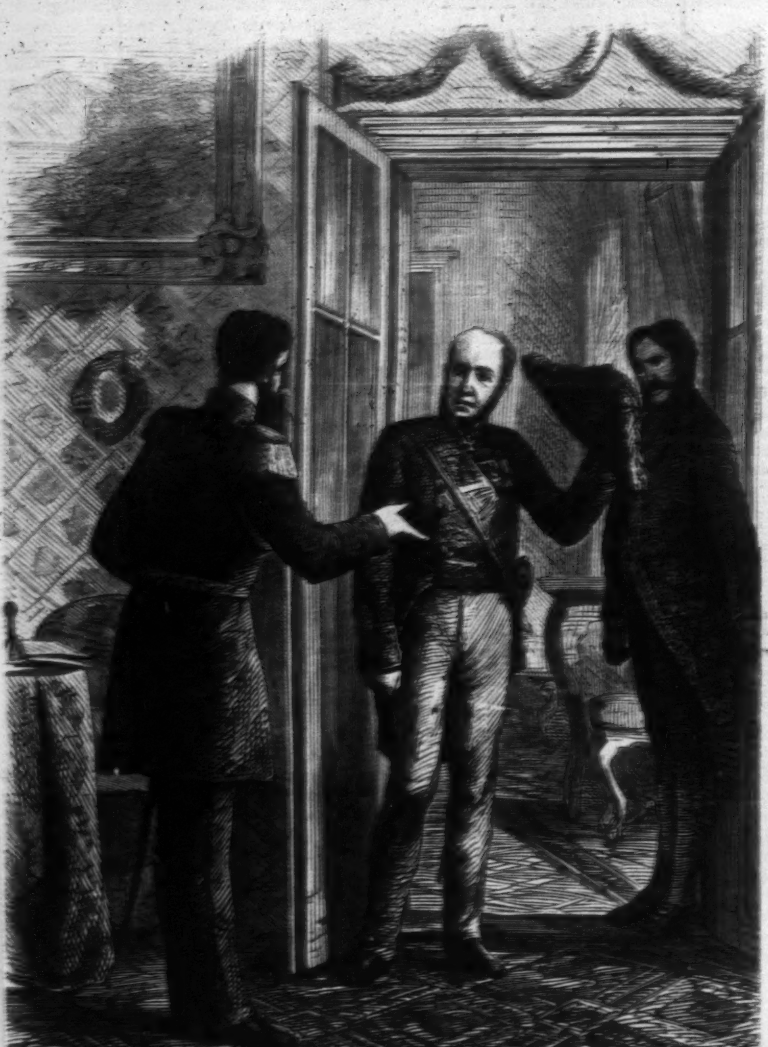
"Well, I believe so, my little man," answered the King, amused with the child's simple confidence. "What do you want of me?"

"My name is William, too, and I want to be a soldier—one of those with red facings to their uniforms, and big white feathers in their caps."

"God bless you, my little man!" replied the King, deeply moved. "When you grow up you must tell your wish to my son Fritz, and say that old King William gave you permission."

Nothing could have touched the soldier king more nearly than such an incident.

This summer King William's visit at Ems was not allowed to pass without interruption. The story of the interviews between him and Count Benedetti, the French Minister to Prussia, which terminated in war, shows that the French Emperor was from the first determined upon hostilities. The first audience took place on July 9, at the request of the Count, who demanded that the King should require the Prince of Hohenzollern to withdraw his acceptance of the Spanish crown. The King replied that, as in the whole affair he had been addressed only as the head of the family, and never as the King of Prussia, and had accordingly given no command for the acceptance of the candidature, he could also give no command for withdrawal. A similar interview took place on the 11th; and on the morning of July 13 the King met him on the public promenade before the fountain, and informed him that the Prince had withdrawn of his own freewill. The King regarded the affair as settled; but, to his surprise, Count Benedetti made a new demand, that the King should expressly pledge himself never to give his consent, in case the question of the candidature of the Prince should at any subsequent time be revived. The King decidedly refused to comply with any such demand, and when Benedetti returned to his proposal, with increasing importunity, stood by his answer. In spite of this, a few hours after, the Count requested a third audience. Upon being asked what subject was to be considered, he gave for answer that he wished to renew the discussion of the morning. The King declined another audience, as he had no answer but that already given, and, moreover, all negotiations must now take place through the Ministry.

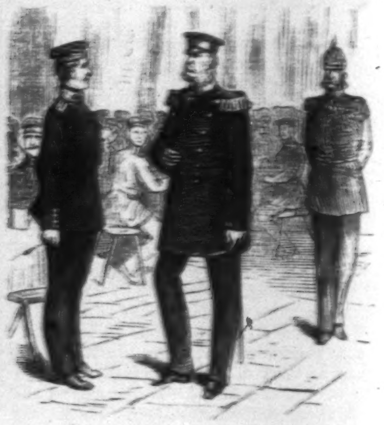


THE "INSULT" TO COUNT BENEDETTI.

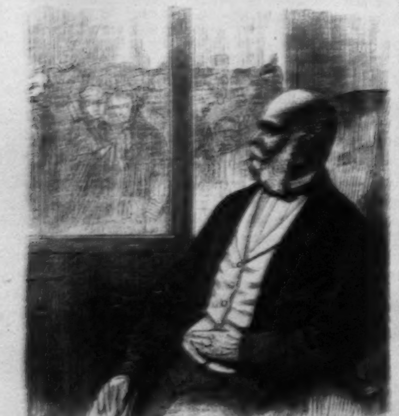
Benedetti's rudeness in forcing himself upon the notice of the King in a public walk was regarded by those who witnessed it as a studied insult. It was interpreted as a sign of hostility toward Prussia, and two days after came the declaration of war.

The day after his final interview with Benedetti the King left Ems, at an early hour in the morning, in a special train for Berlin. He took leave of the crowd which had assembled to witness his departure with evident emotion. "I hope to see you all once more," said he. "God is my witness that I have not desired war; but if I am forced into it I will maintain the honor of Germany to the last man." His whole journey was like a triumphal progress. At every city and village on the way he was received with wild enthusiasm. When he arrived at Berlin the streets were thronged with people who had come out to bid him welcome. He was deeply moved by this reception. His course from the railway station to the palace, through the magnificent street of "Unter den Linden," was such an ovation as a crowned head has rarely met with in modern times. As the carriage approached the palace the pressure became so great that even the stone pillars in the public square broke off as if they had been made of wood. The ceaseless hurrahs roared like a hurricane around the palace. The King alighted on the steps, and, with deep emotion, repeatedly expressed his thanks. He could scarcely be heard for the acclamations, but those who stood nearest to him caught the words: "With such inspiration of my people, our victory is secure; we may look forward to the future without fear." The King then entered the palace, but the crowd remained. All at once the national hymn began to ascend from ten thousand voices. The people stood with uncovered heads. A small proportion only were able to sing; the others wept from excitement; and even those who took part in the hymn could do so only with trembling voice and tearful eye. It was a moment of sublime transfiguration. At length, about half an hour before midnight, the multitude were informed that the King had still many heavy tasks to attend to, and begged them to retire. "Home! home!" was at once the universal cry, and in a few minutes the vast throng had disappeared, and left not a soul in the spacious square.

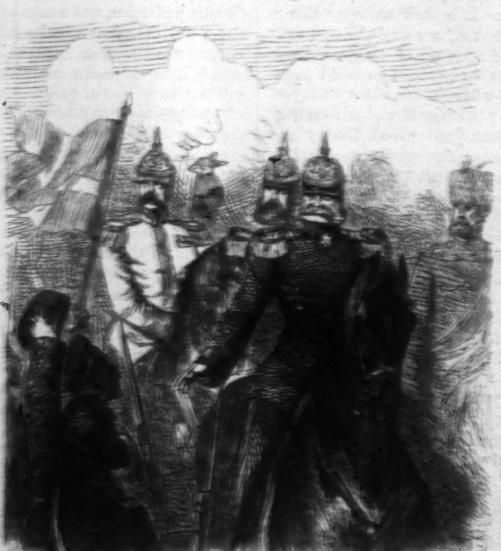
Then the next day came the hurried but systematic business of preparation, the inspection of troops, and finally the marching out of the grand army to a victorious progress, of which the most sanguine had never ventured to dream.



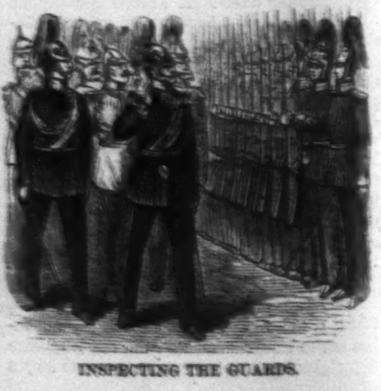
IN THE BARRACKS.



IN THE RAILWAY CAR.



MARCHING OUT.



INSPECTING THE GUARDS.

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED
EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE STORY OF A SHIPWRECK.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Voyage of the "Flying Scud."—Anxiety for her Safety.—Captain Musgrave's Account.—A Shocking Spectacle.—Lonely Death of a Castaway.—The Return.—Conclusion.

IN the preceding chapter our readers were informed of the departure of the *Flying Scud*, under command of Captain Musgrave, from Stewart Island, in search of those of the party who had been left behind at the island refuge where so many weary months had been passed. Week after week went by, and still no tidings of the little vessel and her adventurous crew were received. At length Mr. Raynal, though hoping against hope, began to feel the keenest anxiety in regard to her fate, in which the kind-hearted people by whom he was surrounded warmly sympathized. They had a fellow-townsman to regret, whom they respected highly; but Mr. Raynal mourned for Captain Musgrave as for a lost brother. They were indeed nearer than most brothers. Captain Musgrave had been his true-hearted companion in many scenes of trying hardship and suffering, and now, it was only too probable, had perhaps lost his life in the attempt to rescue his comrades from the isolation and dangers of a desert island.

Happily these fears were not realized.

For in the mean time the *Flying Scud*, though meeting with some trying delays on account of calms, made the voyage to the island without any serious mishap of any kind. She was skillfully piloted by Captain Musgrave into the great bay, and so onward to the little land-locked harbor where the *Grafton* had been wrecked, and on the shores of which their cabin was situated. Harry was the first to see the yacht from the beach as she sailed into the harbor. He was so overwhelmed with the emotions which the spectacle of a vessel coming to their rescue awakened that he threw his arms up convulsively, and then sank fainting upon the sand. He had not strength even to call out to George to come and see. George, however, was soon found; and as soon as the men had recovered a little from the effects of their excessive joy they were taken on board the yacht, and she immediately set sail on her return.

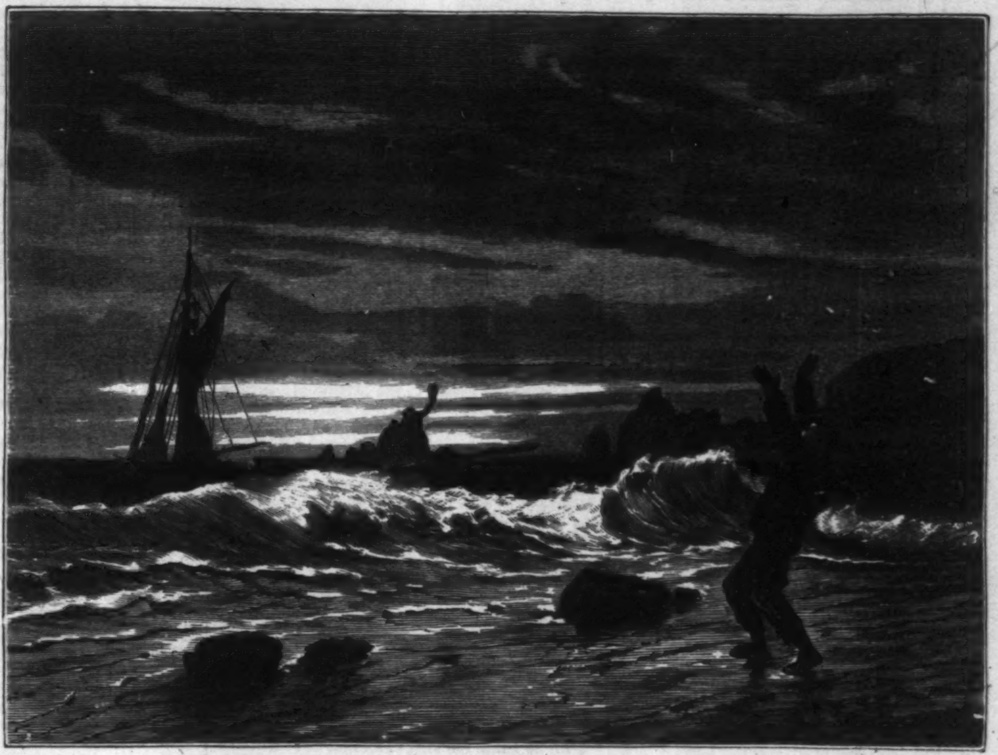
Their voyage was delayed somewhat by contrary winds, and before they got fairly clear of the islands they were forced to seek shelter in "Sarah's Bosom," the harbor situated at the northern part of the group, as previously described.

They went on shore while anchored in this port, and in the course of their rambles among the rocks and thickets they came suddenly upon a most shocking spectacle. It was that of the dead body of a sailor, lying upon a rude bed made of moss spread upon a floor of boards, and partly sheltered by a kind of booth framed with stems of small trees and covered with boughs. He appeared to have been but a short time dead. One of his feet was enveloped in bandages, as if it had been wounded. In his hand was a slate, on which the poor fellow had evidently written something, under a faint and forlorn hope, probably, of thereby conveying his last dying message to his friends and family at home, but the writing had been so far effaced by the rain that it was not legible. They knew at once that this was the body of some shipwrecked sailor, and they afterward learned the particulars of the disaster which was the means of bringing him to this melancholy end.

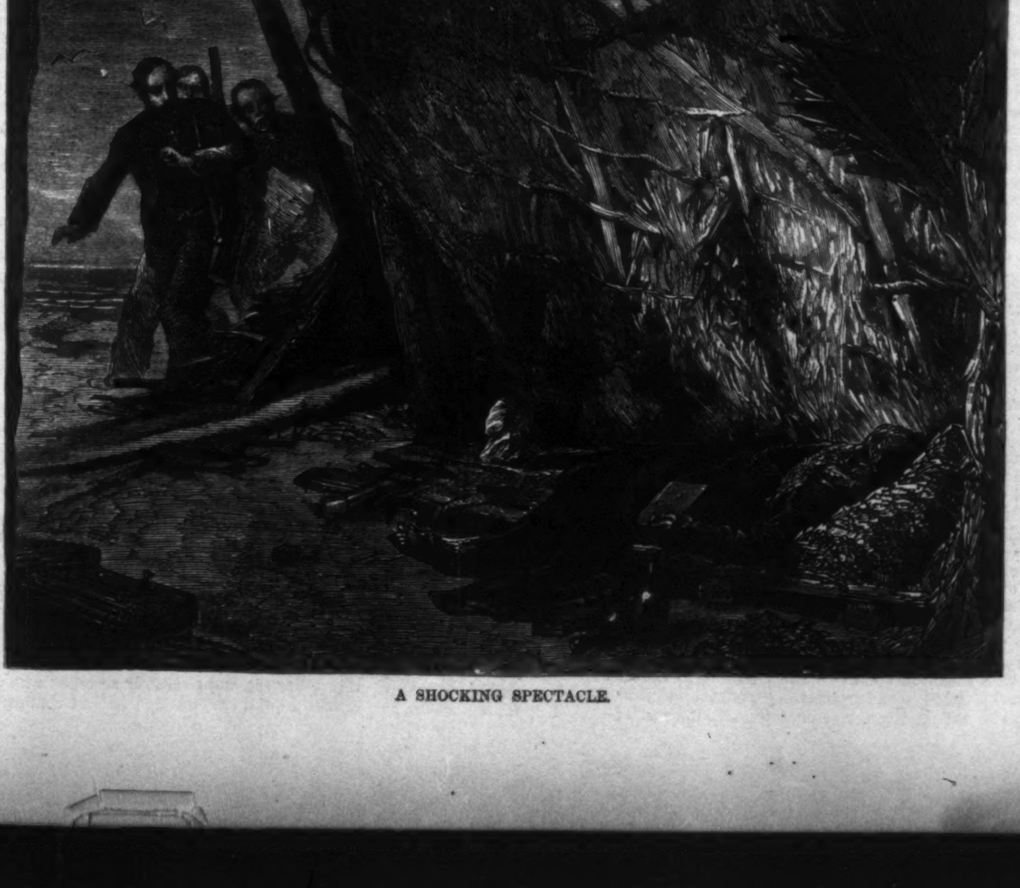
As soon as wind and weather allowed they left this port, and the yacht proceeded on her way. She arrived safely at Stewart Island. The people of the village received the announcement of her appearing in the offing by a signal from a semaphore, set up for such purposes on a point of land at the entrance to the harbor. The news spread with great rapidity throughout the town; and when the yacht arrived at the landing Mr. Cross and Captain Musgrave found the whole population assembled on the beach to welcome their return.

We have little more to add. Mr. Raynal took passage in the first vessel which sailed for Australia.—Captain Musgrave, though setting out later, reached Sydney before him, having taken passage in a steamer. They learned on their arrival that the seaman whose body they had found on the shore, at the northern part of the Auckland Islands, had undoubtedly been one of the crew of the ship *Invercauld*, which had been wrecked upon the rocks in Port Ross, or "Sarah's Bosom," as the sailors called it, during the time while they were living in their cabin in the southern part of the group. The *Invercauld* was a large ship of eleven hundred tons. Her company consisted of twenty-five men. Of these six went down with the wreck, and of those who escaped to the shore sixteen perished of exhaustion and famine. The three survivors, including the captain, were taken off by a Spanish brig, which accidentally came that way. They had been twelve months on the island, during the greater part of which time Mr. Raynal and his party were leading the same life of hardship and suffering in the southern part of the same group—each party wholly unaware that they were in so near neighborhood of another community in the same state of anxiety, suspense, and suffering with themselves. There is no question that the sailor whose dead body was found in the hut was one of their number.

Mr. Raynal closes his narrative by saying that Aleck, notwithstanding the terrible experience which he had passed through, still continued to follow the sea. George remained in New Zealand, but went to work in the gold diggings there. Harry returned to his original home in Australia, and was engaged in taking care of the flocks on a sheep-farm. Captain Musgrave also settled in Australia, where he still remains. Few men have had a more eventful history. From boyhood he had a passion for the sea, and twice ran away from home to become a sailor. His father at length consented to let him follow his inclinations, persuaded that, with his restless disposition, he never would be happy at home on a farm. This was twenty years ago; and though, like a dutiful son, he has always kept up a correspondence with his parents, who live in one of the Western States of America, he has never visited his home since then. As for Mr. Raynal himself, he embraced the very first opportunity, after reaching Australia, to embark for France, where he arrived safely, after an absence of twenty years.



THE RETURN OF THE RESCUERS.



A SHOCKING SPECTACLE.

WEISSENBURG.

THE town of Weissenburg (printed Wissembourg on French maps), of which we give a view on our first page, was the scene of Marshal M'MAHON's crushing defeat by the Crown Prince of Prussia. It was formerly a free city of the German empire, and is situated close to the frontier, on the Lauter, a tributary of the Rhine, running into that river at or near Lauterbourg. The town was ceded to France by the treaty of Ryswick, and for six years—from 1719 to 1725—it was the residence of the unfortunate STANISLAS LECZYNSKI, Duke of Lorraine and elect-King of Poland. It has more than once owed its selection for a battle-ground to the works with which its neighborhood was furnished by Marshal VILLARS, in the reign of LOUIS XIV., after his conquest of Alsace. In 1705 the Marshal caused a series of redoubts and intrenchments to be constructed from the Geisberg—or, to use the French name, the "Mont du Pigeonnier"—which lies at the eastern entrance of the town, above the southern bank of the Lauter, as far as Lauterbourg; and these lines have, time after time, been captured and recaptured. They were stormed more than once during the War of the Succession; and on October 13, 1793, they were carried by the Austrians, under Prince WALDECK. The Germans, however, held them only for a short time, as on Christmas-day of the same year they were retaken by the French; and since that time Weissenburg has enjoyed an interval of peaceful existence as the *chef lieu* of the department of the Bas-Rhin. It is distant twenty-seven miles, northeast, from Strasbourg, by the railway which passes through Haguenau, seven miles from Weissenburg, and which there forms a junction with the main railway, the Great Eastern of France, leading to Luneville, Nancy, Chalons, and Paris. The valley of the Lauter at Weissenburg forms a gorge which opens into the Rhenish plains to the south, and to the Vosges to the west. About two miles and a half to the west, upon the road to Bitche, is the hill called the Pigeonnier, which rises nearly 2000 feet above the valley of the Lauter. The ground from Weissenburg to this peak for about half a mile rises gently; and then suddenly, at the bend to the right, which the road to Bitche makes, the ascent becomes more steep, so that the road is winding. The road from the Col du Pigeonnier to Chimbach runs through a woody country easily defended, crosses the forest of Mundat, and, after running rather more than a mile beyond, reaches the little village of Chimbach, which lies on high ground. The road then descends for more than a mile to Lembach; passes through the forest of Katzenthal, lying in a small valley, and terminates at Bitche, a fortress of great natural strength, twenty-five miles distant from Weissenburg. But the ground extending a few miles south of the Lauter, toward Saverne and Haguenau, is diversified with hills and woods, though not at all of a mountainous character. It was this tract of country, toward Neuweiler, Ingweiler, and Frischweiler, on the western side, that was surreptitiously explored on the 26th of July by the reconnoitring party of Baden officers, led by Count ZEPPELN, one of whom was killed, and two became captives to the French.

The action in which M'MAHON was defeated, though its consequences were momentous, was rather a surprise by overwhelming numbers than a regular battle. A portion of Marshal M'MAHON's corps d'armée, two regiments of the line, one of foot chasseurs, one of mounted chasseurs, and one of Turcos, under General ABEL DOUAY, had encamped the night before close to Weissenburg. At daybreak next morning they were aroused by a violent cannonade from the hills of the Bienwald, on the opposite bank of the Lauter, whence they were attacked by a very superior German force. They fought obstinately during several hours. The Crown Prince and his staff were on the left of the German line, the artillery was in the centre, and the columns of German troops were massed on the right. The French had but three guns at first, but they got some reinforcements by railway, and maintained a brave contest till two o'clock in the afternoon. General ABEL DOUAY was killed by a shell; Brigadier MONTMARIE was wounded; there was great slaughter, and several hundred French soldiers, with eighteen officers, were taken prisoners; one gun was also taken.

SAARBRÜCK.

THIS little frontier town, of which we give a view on our first page this week, will be known in history as the scene of the poor little Prince Imperial's "baptism of fire." It is situated on the left bank of the river Saar (the old Roman Saravus), whence, indeed, it derives its name, which, being translated into English, is Saarbridge. It lies a little southeast of Treves, at the point where the valleys of the Saar and Sulzbach meet, and is dominated by the heights of Spikeren, which, on August 2, the French carried at the point of the bayonet, and whence, an hour later, they bombarded the town. Containing about 12,000 inhabitants, Saarbrück possesses, or rather possessed, several handsome buildings, a very good college, and a large custom-house, and was joined to its suburb, St. Johann, on the opposite bank, by a handsome stone bridge.

The country round is studded with coal-mines, but the mineral extracted is of a very poor quality, being hard, schistous, very smoky, and sulphurous. It, however, was chiefly exported to France, being largely used on the Eastern Railway. The annual value of the exported coal has been estimated at seven millions of thalers.

Not far from here is that legendary coal-mine known as the "burning mountain," which, set on fire in 1780, still continues to burn.

The town was founded in the tenth century, and remained under the rule of the bishops of Metz until 1240, at which epoch it fell into the hands of one of the many petty princes then so prevalent. From 1380 to 1679 it belonged to the dukes of Nassau, when it was taken by the French army under the command of Turenne, but was afterward retaken and burned by the Austrians. It fell to the French in 1794, but was ceded to Prussia by one of the treaties of 1815.

"C'EST LUI."

Come, little bark, come to the land!
  Come, little sail, over the sea!
As she shades her sweet eyes with her hand,
  And half doubts as she murmurs "*C'est lui.*"

There's a line of white light on the blue,
  There's a path through the depths to her feet,
And the dark sail is hastening through,
  And the last hour of waiting is sweet.

But the length of an oar to the land!
  Can they guess what the meeting will be?
Sweet eyes shaded by little brown hand,
  Sweet lips parted and saying "*C'est lui.*"

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

FISHING FOR AN INVITATION.

"WHAT a strange girl!" muttered Richard, as he stood in the same hollowed rock, alone, where Harry and he had first taken shelter. "What a compound of strength and weakness—as my mother says all girls are, though I have never known them strong before! How eager she seemed to part company with me, and how anxious to get home without me—and I am never to speak of what has happened, to her father nor to Solomon! This Solomon is her unwelcome wooer, that is clear. He is neither young nor handsome—nor attractive in any way in her eyes, I reckon. And what a beauty she is, to be thrown away on such a boor!"

The recollection that the door at the top of the rock had been left open, and the key inside it, here flashed upon him. "She will be sorry about that key," he thought; "and glad and grateful to me if I go back and fetch it. The old man will be wroth with her for having trusted a stranger with such a treasure. This Trevethick must be an ingenious fellow, and a long-sighted one, no doubt. It was he who applied to Parson Whymper for a lease of the old mine, if I remember right. Perhaps the chaplain may help me to get it him, for I owe him something for his daughter's sake. The idea of his having such a daughter! What rubbish is this we artists talk of birth and beauty! Neither in life nor on canvas have I ever seen one so fair as this girl." He meditated for a moment, then cried out, angrily: "Heaven curse me, if I harm her! What an ungrateful villain should I be! If there be a Gehenna, and but one man in it, I should deserve to be that man!"

Then he began to climb the rock. He did not tarry this time for breath nor shelter, though the wind had no whit abated, but trod right on till he reached the spot where the catastrophe which had been so near fatal to him had occurred. "It was a narrow escape," mused he, looking down upon the place, not without a slight shudder. "What odd things come into the head when Death is whispering in the ear! If it had not been for my fair guide, where should I have been by this time? Beneath the sea, for certain. But what else? How strange it seems that if there is any 'else,' no one, from the beginning of time till now, of all the millions who have experienced it, should have come back to tell us! And yet there was a man who came back from the grave once. Who was he? I recollect his picture by Haydon; his talk must have been better worth listening to than that of most. Is nothing true that one hears or reads, I wonder? Here is where I kissed her! I wouldn't kiss her again, if I had the chance; I swear I would not. I am a good boy now—all morality, if not religion—for they do say that hell is paved with good intentions—which seems hard. If one is to be punished for one's wicked thoughts—even if they do not bear fruit—it is surely but reasonable that one's good ones—even if never carried into practice—should be set down on the credit side of the ledger."

With an exclamation of contempt or impatience, he turned from the dizzy sight of cliff and sea, and shouldered his way through the wind-kept doorway on to the open summit of the rock. It was a wild waste place indeed, yet not without ample indications of having been inhabited in days of old. Low but massive walls sketched out the ground-plan of many a chamber, the respective uses of which could only now be guessed at. But beneath one broken arch there was a heap of rude steps with a stone something on it, which Richard rightly imagined had once formed an altar. Man had worshiped there thirteen hundred years ago. Nay, not far off, and in the very centre of this desolate hold, there was a burial-ground, with a low wall of earth about it, which neither time, nor the curious barbarism which marks our epoch, had much defaced. The archæologists had been there, of course, and discovered evidence which had satisfied them of the presence of the remains of their fellow-creatures; but with that they had been content. The dead had, for the most part, been left undisturbed in their rocky graves, to await the summons in the faith of which—and perhaps even for it—they had died. For these were King Arthur's men (as Richard had read)—the warriors who had helped the blameless king "to drive the heathen and to slay the beast, to fell the forest and let in the sun."

The lonely desolation of the place, and its natural sublimity, combined with the recollection of his late deadly peril, tinged the young man's thoughts with an unusual seriousness; and yet he could not restrain the cynicism that was habitual to him whenever his attention was compelled to solemn subjects.

"Now, are these poor folks—whose creed must have been any thing but orthodox, by all accounts—all in eternal torments, I wonder, or only waiting to be so, for a few hundreds of years longer? Such was my mother's friend, Joanna's, comfortable creed, and it is shared, as I understand, by all the most excellent people. How much better (if so) would it have been for them to have been born and cradled on this rock as sea-gulls! Gad, to dwell here and fight for a king about whose very existence posterity is to be in doubt in this world, and then to go to the devil! What a nightmare view of life it seems! If, an hour ago or so, things had turned out otherwise with *me*, I should have solved the problem for myself. I almost wish I had. And yet it was not so when I was clinging tooth and nail to the cliff yonder; and these folks would not have died if they could have helped it, neither. There's something ugly in black Death that disinclines man to woo her. This wind bites to the marrow, and I'll go. I've seen Gethin now, and there's an end." He turned, and walked as slowly as the blast would let him toward the gate. "And yet, if it was warmer, and summer-time," continued he, "I should like to sketch these things, or some of them, especially if Harry were with me." He came out, and locked the door, and once more stood in the shelter of it, with the key in his hand. "She'll be glad I went back for this, and know that it was done for her sake. If she had but money, now—this girl—and was a lady, and all that! Or if I could choose whom I would!" He began to descend slowly, step by step; the furious gale forgotten; his late escape from death unremembered; one thought alone monopolizing his mind—the thought that monopolizes all men's minds (or nearly all) at his age. It was here that his hat had blown off, and her soft curls had played about his face; it was there that he had first clasped her waist, and had not been rebuked. Then he fell to thinking of all that had happened between them during the few hours that were already an epoch in his life. Why had she looked so frightened at first seeing him? Had he seemed to come upon her as her "fate," as some girls say? He would ask her that some day—perhaps up yonder amidst the ruins. He had not missed the look of annoyance which she wore when Solomon had spoken to him so roughly, nor failed to couple it with the expressions she had before made use of with reference to Coe the elder; and the gratitude with which her father regarded his memory. This Solomon might be a suitor who was backed by the old man, but certainly not encouraged by Harry. Was she already engaged to him, tacitly or otherwise? It was impossible, being what she was, that she should not have been wooed by somebody.

Richard Yorke was not one of those exacting characters who demand that the object of their affections should never have attracted those of another; he was even reasonable enough to have forgiven her (if necessary) for having returned them, in ignorance of the existence of a more worthy admirer in himself. There are many more varieties of Love than even the poets have classified; and perhaps it is in despair of dealing with this Proteus that we elders so often ignore him in our calculations.

The day was darkening by the time Richard reached the village. Around the inn door were a group of miners, who stared at his bare head hard enough, but gave way to him civilly. They were talking and laughing loudly, and wiping their mouths with the backs of their hands. It was evident that somebody had been "standing treat" in the narrow passage; and leaning their elbows on the sill of the little bar window were more miners, each with his pint pot of ale.

"Here's luck to Trevethick and Coe," said one, "for a parting toast."

"Ha, ha, that's good!" cried another, in appreciation of this commercial epigram; "Trevethick and Coe; to be sure"

"Trevethick and Coe, and may the copper last!"

But one, emboldened by the liquor, or naturally more audacious than the rest, put his head and shoulders through the open window, and, making a trumpet of his two hands, whispered in a hoarse voice, audible to every one: "And is it to be Coe and Trevethick also, Miss Harry—eh?"

Then the window was slammed down with no gentle hand, and the men went out laughing heartily, and for the first time leaving room for Richard to pass in. He did not look toward the bar window, but, as though he had heard nothing, walked quickly past it into the sitting-room, which had been allotted to him. It was strange, since what he had just heard only confirmed the suspicions which he had already entertained, that the words should give him annoyance; but they certainly did so. What was more natural than that this inn-keeper's daughter should be engaged to marry her father's friend—a man apparently well-to-do, and with a prospect of doing better? What could be more unreasonable than for Mr. Richard Yorke, a young gentleman whose only hope in life was to marry a girl—or an old woman, for that matter—with a good fortune, to be irritated at such intelligence, especially after an acquaintance with this "Miss Harry" of about three hours at most? After a minute or two of reflection the idea seemed to strike even himself in the same light; for he gave a short sharp laugh, and said what a fool he was, and then lit his pipe. Even tobacco, however, that balm of hurt minds, did not altogether soothe him. He could think of nothing but this young girl, whose beauty had bewitched him, and to whose courage and presence of mind he owed his life. He had sworn to himself—and there was no necessity to repeat it—that he meant her no harm. Indeed, it would not be less than she deserved to ask her to be his wife. Perhaps, if this mine, in which her father had a share, should turn out well, she would not be so bad a match, even in point of money; but to this he did not attach much importance. He was indulging in a dream, which he fondly imagined was unselfish and honorable to himself in a high degree. Quite a virtuous glow seemed to mingle with his ardent passion; though the fact simply was (as it often is in such cases) that, for a personal gratification, he was prepared to barter his future prospects. He did not doubt but that what he contemplated would be for the benefit of this young girl; he must seem like an angel to her (for love does not always touch us with the sense of unworthiness); as, indeed, by comparison with this man Coe, he was. His mother would be a good deal "put out," it was true, but then she was too fond of him to be angry with him for long, far less to break with him. He was his own master, for some time to come, at all events, for he had two hundred pounds in his pocket.

What nonsense do the greatest philosophers sometimes discourse, when their topic is Self-interest! It is likely enough that self-interest actuates *them*, and in a supreme degree. When folks are by nature wise and prudent—or if their tastes are studious, and their vices few—or when, above all, the brain is seasoned, and the blood moves sluggishly in the veins, then men do act for their own advantage, and keep their eyes fixed on the main chance. But with most of us, especially when young, self-interest, properly so called, is often but a feather's weight in the balance of Motive. Revenge makes it kick the beam; and Passion; and even momentary Whim. It was one of the arguments advanced by Christian men in favor of slavery, that no man would ill-use his slave, because it was his own property; as though the lust of cruelty in a brutal nature were, while it lasted, not ten times as strong as the lust of gain. There are moments when a man is ready to part with not only his earthly prospects, but his hopes of heaven, rather than be balked of an immediate satisfaction: that of striking his brother to the heart, or growing rich by one stroke of fraud, or ruining forever the woman that loves him best; and there are many men, in no such desperate case, whose only guide is Impulse, and whose care for the morrow is dwarfed to nothing matched with the gratification of to-day. These are said to have no enemies but themselves, but they have victims; and, though not apt for plots, are often more dangerous than the most designing knaves.

Pipe after pipe smoked Richard Yorke as he sat over the fire in the deepening twilight, so deep in thought that it quite startled him, when, suddenly looking up, he found that all was dark. Then he rang the bell, and Hannah entered with the wished-for candles.

"Is your master in?"

"I'll see, Sir. Do you wish to see him?"

"Yes. First bring me a bottle of sherry and two glasses, then ask him to step in."

The serving-maid obeyed; and presently there was a heavy step in the passage, and in strode John Trevethick, a man of sixty years or so, but straight as a pine, and strong as an oak.

"Your servant, Sir," said he, in a gruff voice, and with no such inclination of the head as landlords use.

"Good-evening, Mr. Trevethick. I am afraid I'm putting you to some inconvenience by coming to Gethin so many weeks before the usual time."

"Nay, Sir; my house is open summer and winter."

"Now, I wonder is this the natural manner of this boor," thought Richard, "or has he been already prejudiced against me by the other?—And an excellent house it is, Mr. Trevethick; I little expected to find so good a one down here, I promise you."

"Well, I built it myself, Sir," said the landlord; "so it don't become me to say much of that. It cost me a good bit of money, however; and it's hard to get it back, when one's season only lasts for a month or two."

"Ah! I'm the first swallow that you've seen this year, I dare say. Well, I hope I herald a lucky summer. Take a glass of your own sherry, will you?"

The landlord looked suspiciously at his guest: perhaps the phrase "your own sherry" smote his conscience, knowing the price he paid for it, and what it was, and what he meant to charge; but grunting: "Here's to you, Sir," he filled his glass, and smacked his lips over it slowly.

"Solomon has not set him against me," was Richard's conclusion. "The graceful manner of this Cornish giant is natural to him.—You have a fine castle here, Mr. Trevethick, and nobly placed. Indeed, I never saw the like before."

"So most folks say," answered the landlord.

"There is not much left of it, however," said Richard, smiling.

"Well, it 'll last my time, at all events, and I dare say yours," was the morose reply.

"Indeed it will, and that of many a generation to come. It is seldom one sees such massive walls. A good deal of trouble, however, seems to have been taken to prevent people from running away with them, to judge by this;" and he held up the key.

"Well, the castle is mine, Sir—or, at least, I pay my rent for it; and, I suppose, I can do what I like with my own. If there was no gate there, do you think any body would pay me for viewing the place? Not they. Why, there's some parties ain't even content with the key, but must have a guide too, or else they buttons up their pockets."

It was so impossible to misunderstand the bearing of this remark that Richard burst out into a good-humored laugh; he was really pleased because the landlord's hint assured him that he was in ignorance that he had had a guide. "I shall certainly pay my footing, Mr. Trevethick, the same as if I had had an attendant—of which, however, I should have been glad at one or two places; the wind did take my hat, and very nearly the rest of me. But what I meant by the trouble that was taken to secure your ruins from intruders was with reference not to the door, but to the key of it. Why, if it were a real castle, full of furniture, it could not be more effectually guarded. You must have good locksmiths hereabout, if that's a specimen of their work."

The icy landlord thawed again.

"Well, Sir, the fact is, I made that key with my own hands."

"You?" cried Richard, in affected astonishment. "Why, you must be a mechanical genius. Look at the work! look at the wards!" and he scrutinized them admiringly close to the candle. "Do take another glass, Mr. Trevethick."

"Nay, Sir; I've a friend in the parlor waiting for me," rejoined the landlord, dryly. He appeared already to regret having given way to that momentary feeling of self-esteem.

"I wish *I* had," observed Richard, smiling. "It's lonely work coming down here by one's self, and finding nobody to speak to."

There was a short pause, during which Richard was rapt in admiration of the key.

"Now, if his thick skin prove impervious to flattery," thought he, "then will I fly my last shaft into his very gizzard."

Mr. Trevethick's skin was quite compliment-proof, if an invitation into the bar parlor was to be the evidence of its having been pierced.

"You should come down in the summer-time, Sir," said he, coolly; "then you will find lots of folks to talk with. At present I am afraid you must put up with your own company." And the huge frame of the landlord was already moving toward the door.

"I am afraid so, indeed," said Richard, carelessly. "Parson Whymper ought to have known better than to send me down here at such a time as this."

John Trevethick stopped at once, and Richard saw reflected in the glass above the fire-place a look of intense interest. He could not have supposed so phlegmatic a face was capable of so much expression.

"Parson who, did you say, Sir? Whymper?"

"Yes; an excellent friend of me and mine; the chaplain of Mr. Carew, of Crompton. It was he who told me how I might fill my sketch-book with the beauties of Gethin; and added, that I should have a hearty welcome from one John Trevethick, if I gave his name."

"And that you shall, Sir," cried the landlord, returning to the table, and striking his broad palm upon it, to give emphasis to his words. "A friend of Mr. Whymper's should be always welcome here. How is he, Sir? And how is Mr. Carew?"

"I have seen neither of them since I was staying at Crompton three months ago or so," said Richard, coolly. "They were well enough then, though the Squire was doing his best, as usual, to exhaust his constitution and his purse; and the chaplain, as usual, also, was making things as straight as he could, and putting the skid on where he dared. But you know all about that, Mr. Trevethick, I dare say, almost as well as I do. I am sorry you won't take another glass of wine."

"I think I will, if you permit me to change my mind, Sir," said the other, suiting the action to the word. "Now, the idea of your being so intimate with Parson Whymper, and having staid at Squire Carew's! Why, the Squire's my landlord, and owns all about here—leastway, short of Dunloppel. It's unlucky that this copper should have cropped out just beyond him, as it were."

"There is no mine here belonging to him then, eh?"

"Well, no, Sir; not, properly speaking, a mine, there ain't;" and the well-practiced hand of the landlord shook as he put down the glass, so that it clanked against the bottle.

Richard Yorke laughed a short dry laugh, apparently at some reflection of his own.

"Well, I'm sorry you've got your friend, landlord, and therefore can not have a chat with me; for it is evident we should find something to talk about together."

"And I'm sorry too, Sir. Though, if you wouldn't be too proud to come into our bar parlor—but then I can scarcely ask a gentleman as has been used to Crompton to do that."

"Indeed, I shall be very pleased to come," said Richard, frankly. "I have nothing to be proud of, I assure you; and if I had, why should I not accept the company of an honest man?"

"Very good, Sir. There's only me, and my daughter Harry, and this friend of mine, Solomon Coe. If you'll please to walk this way."

"Let's take the bottle with us, and then, perhaps, Mr. Coe will help us to finish it."

And bearing that token of amity in his hand, John Trevethick led the way into the bar parlor.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BAR PARLOR.

THE bar parlor of the *Gethin Castle* was a small snug apartment in the rear of the house, and therefore exposed to the full fury of the Atlantic winds, which were now roaring without, and enhanced, by their idle menace, the comfort of its closely drawn red curtains, and its ample fire, the gleam of which was cast back from a goodly array of glasses and vessels of burnished pewter. Upon a well-polished oak chest—the pride of the house, for oak was almost as rare at Gethin as among the Esquimaux—stood a mighty punch-bowl; and on the mantel-piece was a grotesque piece of earthen-ware, used for holding tobacco, about which some long clay pipes and peacocks' feathers were artistically arranged. A smell of nutmeg and lemons pervaded this apartment, and pleasantly accorded with its almost tropical temperature; and the contrast it altogether afforded to his own more stately but desolate "private sitting-room," with its disused air and comfortless surroundings, struck Richard very agreeably. On a chintz-covered sofa, in the most retired corner of this parlor, sat Solomon Coe and Harry Trevethick, and it was difficult to say in which of their countenances the most astonishment appeared when the young painter presented himself at the door. Harry's cheeks, which were not pale before, became crimson, though she neither moved nor spoke. But Solomon rose, and, with a frown, seemed to be asking of Trevethick the reason of this unexpected intrusion.

"This is a friend of Mr. Whymper's," said the landlord, setting down the sherry on the table; "and therefore, I am sure, the friend of all of us. That's my daughter Harry, Sir; and that" (and here he grinned) "is Solomon Coe, a very intimate friend of hers—as you may see. We are a family party, in fact, or shall be some day; so, pray, make yourself at home."

"I have seen Mr. Coe before," said Richard, frankly, and shaking that gentleman's unwilling hand; "and, though he took me for a bagman, I bear him no malice on that account."

"A bagman! Lor, Sol, what could you ha' been thinking about?" laughed Trevethick, grimly. "Why, this here gentleman has been stopping at Crompton with the Squire! But you mustn't mind Sol, Sir; his mind ain't free just now. Well, Harry, lass, why don't you get up and shake hands with the gentleman?"

"I have seen this young lady before, also," explained Richard. "It was she who was good enough to get me the key of the castle, which I have just returned, by-the-by, to your father," he added.

Harry gave him a look which showed him that his second pilgrimage up the rock was not unappreciated.

"Did you see the chapel, Sir, and the tombs?" inquired she.

"I hardly know, indeed," said Richard. "It was the climb itself that I enjoyed the most, and shall never forget as long as I live."

"Oh, but you must go properly over our ruins, young gentleman," said Trevethick, with the air of a proprietor. "My girl here, or Solomon, must show you them to-morrow, for they need a bit of explanation. Sol knows all about them. Don't you, Sol?"

"Oh yes; *I* know," answered Solomon, doggedly; "but nobody won't go up to the castle to-morrow, I reckon, with this sou'wester a-blowing."

"It is a wild night, indeed," said Richard, putting aside the curtain, and looking out through the shutterless window. "The clouds are driving by at a frightful speed."

"Ay, and it ain't only the clouds," said Trevethick, filling his pipe, and speaking with great gravity; "the Flying Dutchman was seen off the point not two hours ago."

"By old Madge, I suppose?" observed Solomon, derisively.

"Yes, by old Madge," retorted the landlord, sturdily. "She as knew our life-boat was lost last year with all hands long before she drove into Turlock Bay, bottom upward."

"But how was that?" inquired Richard, with interest.

"Well, Sir, it was this way," said Trevethick. "It was a stormy night, though not so bad a one as this is like to be, and the life-boat had gone out to a disabled Indiaman. She had been away three hours or more, when, as I was sitting in this very parlor, in came Madge, looking scared enough. She had been to Turlock on an errand for me. So, 'Sit down,' says I, 'and take a glass, for you look as though the wind had blown your wits away, old woman.' ''Tain't that, John Trevethick,' says she; 'but I'm near frightened to death. I've seen a sight as I shall never forget to my dying day. I have just seen our life-boat men—all nine of 'em. The Lord have mercy on their souls!' 'Well, why not?' says I. 'Why shouldn't you ha' seen 'em? They've got back sooner than we hoped for—that's all.' 'Nay,' said she; 'but I met 'em coming out of Gethin—away from home—the home they will never see again—all wet and white like corpses. They're drowned men, as sure as you stand there, John Trevethick.' And so it turned out, poor fellows!"

"And did you tell any body of this before you knew that they were drowned?" inquired Richard.

"Ay, that's the point," muttered Solomon, approvingly.

"No," said Trevethick. "I didn't believe the old woman, and I thought her story would be very ill taken; so I kept it to myself. But it turned out true for all that; the thing happened just as I say. John Trevethick ain't no liar."

"Of course you are stating what you believe to be the fact," said Richard, in a conciliating tone; "I don't doubt that."

"Just so; he's told it so often that he really does believe it," said Solomon, laughing. "But what seems curious is, that it is always Madge—a purblind old woman, as wants to be thought a witch—as sees these things—drowned sailors, and Flying Dutchmen, and so forth. I should like to know who else has ever had the chance?"

"Lots of folks," said the landlord, doggedly.

"Well, *you've* been here these forty years," said Solomon, "have *you* seen 'em? And Harry here has been at Gethin all her life, has *she* seen 'em?"

There was an awkward silence. Harry had turned very pale—in terror, as Richard thought, of the dispute between her father and Solomon becoming serious.

"That's naught to do with it," said Trevethick, sharply. "You're no Gethin man, Solomon, or you wouldn't talk so. Why, didn't Madge describe the very ship as was lost off Castle Rock, the night before we ever set eyes on her? and wasn't it printed in the paper?"

"In the next Saturday's paper: yes," replied Solomon, curtly.

"Nay, I heard the old woman with my own ears," said Harry, gravely. "There had been no wreck when she told me she had seen the schooner. 'The *Firefly*,' said she, 'will never come nearer home than Gethin Bay: you mark my words.' That was twelve hours, ay, and more, before she struck."

"Forgive me for interrupting," said Richard; "but I don't understand this matter. Is it supposed that a vessel announces her own destruction beforehand?"

"Sometimes," said Trevethick, gravely. "A ship is as well known here—if she belongs to this part of the coast—as a house is known in the Midlands. Well, if she's doomed, Madge—and it ain't only Madge neither—will see her days before she comes to her end. This *Firefly*, for example, belonged to Polwheel, and had been away for weeks."

"But still she was expected home?" interrogated Richard.

"Ay, that's it," said Solomon, once more nodding approval. "The old woman had that in her mind."

"Why so?" argued Trevethick. "What was the *Firefly* to her that she should think she saw her drive into the bay, and break to pieces against the rock out yonder? And why should she tell her vision to Harry?"

"That certainly seems strange, indeed," said Richard, "as showing she attached importance to the affair herself. It was a most curious coincidence, to say the least of it. But what is this Flying Dutchman, of which you also spoke? I did not know he ever came so far out of his proper latitude as this."

"He's seen before great storms, however," said Trevethick; "you ask the coast-guard men, and hear what *they* say. There's many a craft has put out to her from Gethin, and come quite close, so that a man might almost reach her with a boat-hook, and then, all of a sudden, there is nothing to be seen but the big waves."

John Trevethick had more to say to the same effect, to which Richard listened with attentive courtesy; while at the same time he held to the same skeptical view entertained by Solomon. Thus he won the good opinion of both men; and of that of the girl he felt already assured He scarcely ever addressed himself to Harry, and as much as possible avoided gazing at her. If the idea of his paying any serious attention to her had ever been put into her father's mind, the intelligence that he had been the friend and guest of Carew's had been probably sufficient to dissipate it: the social position which that fact implied seemed to make it out of the question that he should be Harry's suitor. It only remained for him to disabuse Solomon of the same notion. This was at first no easy task; but the stubbornness with which his rival resisted his attempts at conciliation gave way by degrees, and at last vanished. To have been able to make common cause with him upon this question of local superstition was a great point gained. Solomon had a hard head, and prided himself upon his freedom from such weaknesses; and he hailed an ally in a battle-field on which he had contended at odds, five nights out of every seven, for years. Harry, as we have seen, shared her father's sentiments in the matter; and it was a great stroke of policy in Richard to have espoused the other side. He would, of course, have much preferred to agree with her—to have embraced any view which had the attraction of her advocacy; but it now gave him genuine pleasure to find his opposition exciting her to petulance. She was not petulant with Solomon, but left her father to tilt with him after his own fashion.

From the superstitions of the coast they fought their way to those of the mines. Old Trevethick believed in "Knockers" and "Buccas," spirits who indicate the position of good lodes by blows with invisible picks; and, as these had more immediate connection with his own affairs than the nautical phenomena, he clung to his creed with even greater tenacity than before. So fierce was their contention that it was with difficulty that Richard could put in an inquiry as to whence these spirits came who thus interested themselves in the success of human ventures."

"I know nothing of that," said Trevethick, frankly, "any more than I know where that wind comes from that is shaking yonder pane; I only know that it is there."

"Nay, father, but *I* know," said Harry, with a little blush at her own erudition: "the Buccas are the ghosts of the old Jews who crucified our Lord, and were sent as slaves by the Roman emperor to work the Cornish mines."

"Very like," said Trevethick, approvingly, although probably without any clear conception of the historical picture thus presented to him. "It's the least they could do in the spirit, after having done so much mischief in the flesh."

The contradiction involved in this exemplary remark, combined with the absurdity of repentance taking the form of interest in mining speculations, was almost too much for Richard's sense of humor; but he only nodded with gravity, as became a man who was imbibing information, and inquired further, whether, in addition to these favorers of industry, there were any spirits who worked ill to miners.

"Well, I can't say as there are," said the landlord, with the air of a man who can afford to give a point in an argument; "but there's a many things not of this world that happen underground, leastway in *our* mines, for Sol there is from the north, and it mayn't be the same in those parts."

"It certainly is not," interrupted Solomon, taking his pipe out of his mouth to intensify the positiveness of his position.

"I say," continued Trevethick, reddening, "that down in Cornwall here there is scarce a mine without its spirit o' some sort. At Wheal Vor, for example, a man and his son were once blown to pieces while blasting; and, nothing being left of them but fragments of flesh, the engine-man put 'em into the furnace with his shovel; and now the pit is full of little black dogs. I've seen one of 'em myself."

Solomon laughed aloud.

Richard was expecting an explosion of wrath. The old man turned toward him quietly, and observed with tender gravity: "And in a certain mine, which Sol and I are both acquainted with, a white rabbit always shows itself before any accident which proves fatal to man. It was seen on the day that Sol's father sacrificed his life for mine." Then he told the story which Richard had already heard from Harry's lips, while Solomon smoked in silence, and Harry looked hard at the fire, as though—as Richard thought—to avoid meeting the glance of her father's hereditary benefactor.

"You are right to remember such a noble deed as long as you live," said Richard, when the old man had done. "My own life," added he, in a lower tone, "was once preserved by one whom I shall love and honor as long as I have breath."

He saw the color glow on the young girl's cheek, and the fire-light shine with a new brilliance in her eyes. Neither Trevethick nor Solomon had caught his observation; at the moment it was made the former was stretching out his great hand to the latter, moved by that memory of twenty years ago, and, perhaps, in token of forgiveness for his recent skepticism.

"Then there's the Dead Hand at Wheal Danes, father," observed Harry, in somewhat hasty resumption of the general subject. "That's as curious as any, and more terrible."

"Wheal Danes!" said Solomon. "Why, how comes that about, when nobody can never have been killed there? It's been disused ever since the Roman time, I thought?"

"Yes, yes; so it has," answered Trevethick, impatiently.

"But I thought you told me about it yourself, father?" persisted Harry. "How you saw the Thing, with a flame at the finger-tops, going up and down where the ladders used to be, and heard voices calling from the pit."

"Not I, wench—not I. That was only what was told me by other folks.—Take another glass of your own sherry before supper, Sir; and after that we will have a bowl of punch."

The hospitalities of Mr. Trevethick were, in fact, profuse, and his manner toward Richard most conciliatory.

"We'll be glad to see you, Sol and I, in our little parlor, whenever you feel in want of company," were his last words at parting for the night. And, "Ay, ay, that's so," had been Solomon's indorsement.

Harry had said nothing; but the tender pressure of his hand, when he wished her good-night, had not gone unreturned, and was an invitation more welcome than words. The events of the day, the conversation of the evening, had given him plenty of matter for reflection; but the touch of those soft fingers was more potent, and the dreams evoked by it swallowed up all soberer thoughts. He sat up for hours that night, picturing to himself a future altogether new to his imagination; and when he went to bed it was not to rest. His excited brain was fed with a nightmare vision. He thought that he was once more with Harry on the castled rock; his lips were pressed to hers; his arm was around her waist, just as they had been; but, instead of his slipping alone over the precipice, they fell together; and as they did so—not without a wild delight mingling with his despair—she was suddenly plucked away from him, and, as he sank headlong down, down, he saw that Solomon Coe had caught her in his arms, and, with her father, was looking down upon him with savage and relentless glee!

THE BATTLE OF GRAVELOTTE.

THE most important battle of the war in France, up to the time of writing, was that which took place near Metz, on Thursday, the 18th of August, between the forces under command of Marshal BAZAINE and the armies of the Prince Royal of Prussia and General STEINMETZ, the result of which was the penning up of the French within the fortifications of that strong-hold. We borrow the following description of the salient points of the battle from the elaborate and graphic account telegraphed to the *Tribune*, by its special correspondent, who witnessed the struggle at head-quarters, and stood by the side of BISMARCK and King WILLIAM.

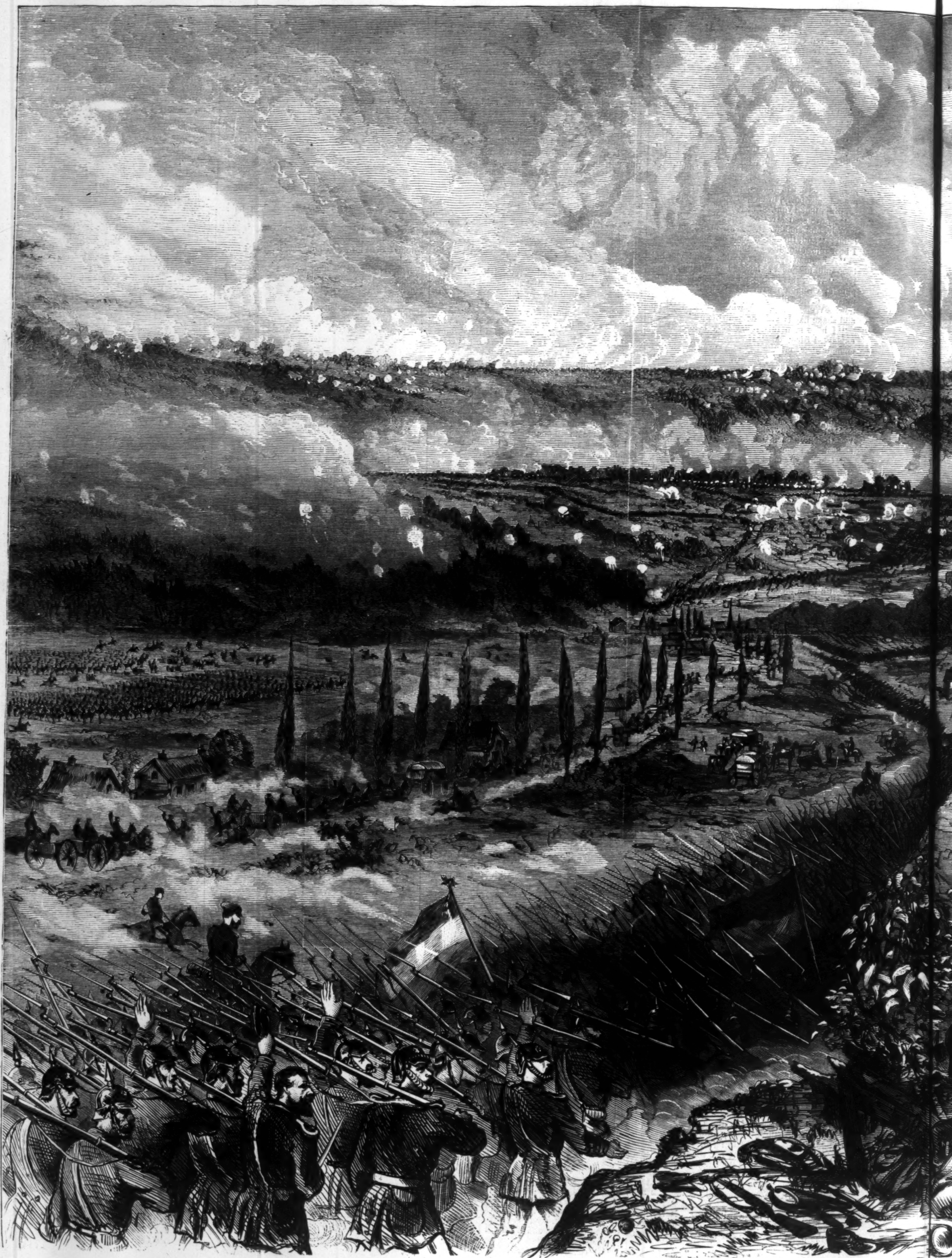
The correspondent reached the battle-ground about noon of the 18th, just as the fight was waxing warm. His position was on a hill, whence the entire sweep of the Prussian and French centre could be seen, and a considerable part of their wings, and where, at the time, were the head-quarters of the King. The great representative men of Prussia, soldiers and statesmen, were standing on the ground watching the conflict just begun. Among them were the King, BISMARCK, General VON MOLTKE, Prince FREDERICK CHARLES, Prince CARL, Prince ADALBERT, and Adjutant KRANSKI. Lieutenant-General SHERIDAN, of the United States army, was also present. At the moment the French were making a most desperate effort to hold on to the last bit of the Verdun road—that between Rezonville and Gravelotte, or that part of Gravelotte which in some maps is called St. Marcel. The struggle was desperate but unavailing, for every one man in the French army had two to cope with, and their line was already beginning to waver. Soon it was plain that this wing, the French right, was withdrawing to a new position. This was swiftly taken up under cover of a continuous fire of their artillery from the heights beyond the village. The movement was made in good order, and the position, which was reached at one o'clock and thirty minutes, would have been pronounced impregnable by nine out of ten military men. When once this movement had been effected, the French retreating from the pressure of the Prussian artillery fire, and the Prussians as rapidly advancing, the battle-field was no longer about Rezonville, but had been transferred and pushed forward to Gravelotte, the junction of the two branching roads to Verdun. The fields in front of that village were completely covered by the Prussian reserves, and interminable lines of soldiers were steadily marching onward, disappearing into the village, and emerging on the other side of it with flaming volleys.

This second battle-field was less extensive than the first, and brought the opposing forces into fearfully close quarters. The peculiarity of it is that it consists of two heights intersected by a deep ravine. This woody ravine is over 100 feet deep, and at the top some 300 yards wide. The side of the chasm next to Gravelotte, where the Prussians stood, is much lower than the other side, which gradually ascends to a great height. From their commanding eminence the French held their enemies fairly beneath them, and poured upon them scorching fire. The French stood their ground and died—the Prussians stood their ground and died—both by hundreds, I had almost said thousands. This, for an hour or two that seemed ages, so constant was the slaughter. The hill where I stood commanded chiefly the conflict behind the village and to the south of it. The Prussian reinforcements, coming up on their right, filed out of the Bois des Ognons; and it was at that point, as they marched on to the field, that one could perhaps get the best idea of the magnitude of this invading army now in the heart of France. There was no break whatever for four hours in the march of men out of that wood. Birnam Wood advancing to Dunsinane Hill was not a more ominous sight to MACBETH than these men of General GOEBEN's army to BAZAINE, shielded as they were by the woods till they were fairly within range and reach of their enemies' guns. So the French must have felt; for between four and five o'clock they concentrated upon that spot their heaviest fire, massing all available guns, and shelling the woods unremittingly. Their fire reached the Prussian lines and tore through them; and, though the men were steady, it was a test to which no general cares to subject his troops long. Once out from under the trees the Prussians advanced at double-quick. The French guns had not lost the range of the wood, nor of the ground in front. Seen at a distance, through a powerful glass, the brigade was a huge serpent bending with the undulation of the field. But it left a dark track behind it, and the glass resolved the dark track into falling and dying and dead men. Many of those who had fallen leaped up again and ran forward a little way, striving still to go on with their comrades. Of those who went backward instead of forward there were few, though many fell as they painfully endeavored to follow the advance.

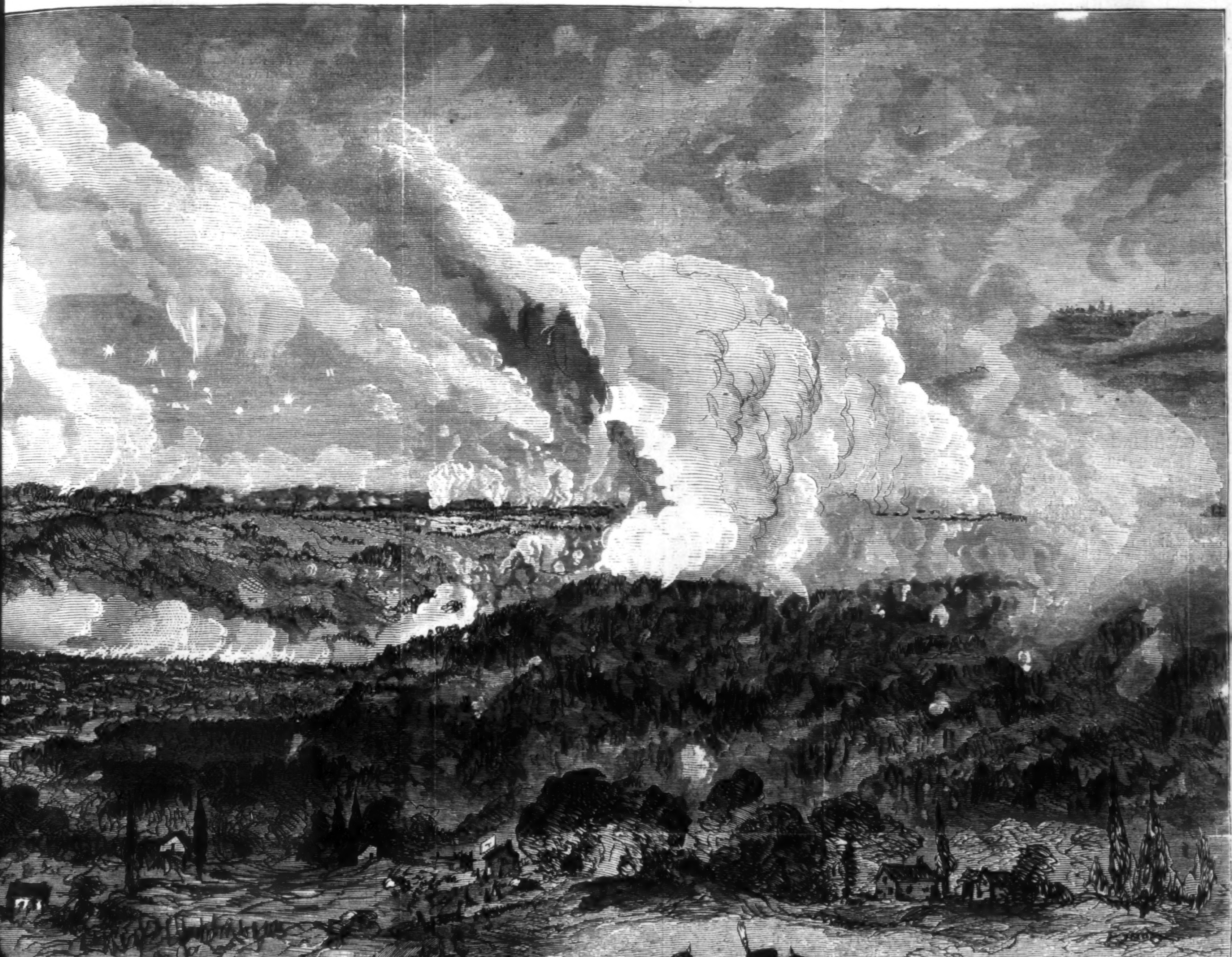
Now and then the thick cloud which hung over the battle-field would open a little and drift away on the wind, and then the French could be seen, sorely tried. To get a better view of this part of the field, the correspondent went forward about half a mile, and from this new stand-point found himself not far from Malmaison. The French line on the hills was still unbroken, and, to all appearances, they were having the best of the battle. But this appearance was due, perhaps, to the fact that the French were more clearly visible on their broad height, and fighting with such singular obstinacy. They plainly silenced a Prussian battery now and then. But the Prussian line also was strengthened by degrees on this northern point. Infantry and artillery were brought up; and from far in the rear—away, seemingly, in the direction of Verneville—shot and shell began reaching the French ranks. These were the men and these were the guns of STEINMETZ, who there and then effected his junction with the army of Prince FREDERICK CHARLES, and completed the investment of Metz to the northwest.

STEINMETZ was able to extend his line gradually further and further, until the French were outflanked and began to be threatened, as it appeared, with an attack on the rear of their extreme right wing. So long as the smoke from the Prussian guns hovered only over their front the French clung to their position. The distance from head-quarters to where the Prussian flank attack stretched forward was great; and, to add to the difficulty of clearly seeing the battle, the darkness was coming on. The puffs of smoke from the French guns mingled with the flashes, brightening as the darkness increased, receded gradually. The pillars of cloud and flame from the north as gradually and steadily approached. With that advance the French fire every moment grew more slack. It was not far from nine o'clock when the ground was yielded finally on the north, and the last shots fired on that terrible evening were heard in that direction.

So the battle raged, with fluctuating success, until about half past eight or nine in the evening, when the decisive blow was struck. When the battle of Gravelotte had actually ended, it was known that the Prussians held the strong heights beyond the Bois de Vaux, which command the surrounding country to the limits of artillery range from Metz; that two great Prussian armies lay across the only road by which BAZAINE could march to Paris for its relief, or for his own escape; that a victory greater than that of Sunday, and more decisive than the triumph of Tuesday, had been won; and that, in all probability, the French army, which had fought as valiantly and as vainly as before, was now hopelessly shut up in the fortress.



THE BATTLE OF GRAVELOTTE, FOUGHT THURS



HURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1870.—[See Page 583.]

THE WEAVER.

A WEAVER sat by the side of his loom,
A-flinging his shuttle fast;
And a thread that would wear till the hour of doom
Was added at ev'ry cast.
His warp had been by the Angels spun,
And his weft was bright and new,
Like threads which the morning unbraids from the sun,
Jeweled all over with dew.

But something there came slow stealing by,
And a shade on the fabric fell;
And I saw that the shuttle less blithely did fly,
For thought hath a wearisome spell!
But still the Weaver kept weaving on,
Though the fabric all was gray;
And the flowers and the buds and the leaves were gone,
And the gold threads cankered lay.

And things all strange were woven in sighs
And down-crushed hopes and fears;
And the web was broken and poor and thin,
And it dripped with living tears.
And the Weaver fain would have flung it aside,
But he knew it would be a sin;
So in light and in gloom the shuttle he plied,
A-weaving these life-cords in.

And as he wove, and, weeping, still wove,
A tempter stole him nigh;
And with glozing words he to win him strove,
But the Weaver turned his eye.
He upward turned his eye to Heaven,
And still wove on, on, on!
Till the last, last cord from his heart was riven,
And the tissue strange was done.

GAMBLING AT HOMBURG.

ENTERING the tall, stately, painted, and gilded rooms of the Kurhaus, one naturally goes straight to the gambling-rooms, guided thither by the rattle of money, which is audible already through one or two corridors and ante-rooms. You scarcely notice the gay *demi-monde* toilets, or the curious marks of dress and appearance by which nationality is distinguishable, so anxious are you to watch the play. It is after this first attraction of novelty has worn off that you begin to notice other things—first to individualize the players, and feel an unreasonable desire to control their play, especially to make them withdraw their winnings, when they make any. There is a fellow who has won on the red twice, and leaves his quadrupled winnings at stake again. Again he wins—there lie eight napoleons in place of the one he invested. Oh, if he would only withdraw it! There it goes into the bank; and you turn away in disgust. Next you look for a while at the person playing most heavily, easily guided to him by seeing where the greatest number of spectators are congregated. Then you have pointed out to you the stock celebrities—the Countess Kisselef, Mustapha Pasha, M. Blanc, the manager of the gambling-bank, etc., etc. It is probably not till a second or third visit that you find time to admire the large, clean, inlaid floors, the tall paneled and pictured walls, and the distant ceilings with their arching outlines and gay frescos.

Notice now the lighting of the Kurhaus. Every room is supplied with great and brilliant chandeliers, and the whole place is one glitter of glass and gas—entrance-halls, reading-rooms, billiard-rooms, eating and drinking rooms, and gaming-rooms—but not the gaming-tables! Over each of these hang two bright-lighted and deeply over-shaded oil-lamps. And thereby hangs, also, a tale; as there does by most of the characteristics of this bright-lighted and deep-shaded, tragi-farcical institution.

For, once upon a time, when gas alone was used, some enterprising individuals made a combination more effectual, if not more innocent, than the "combinations" of players who have a "system," and try to break the bank by means of calculations pricked on little cards for recording the course of the game. Some of the conspirators, having obtained access to the metre or stop-cock, turned off the gas. Instantly all was darkness, uproar, and confusion about the tables. The various games of hazard were resolved into one general game of grab, and the company lost many thousands of florins.

Nothing can be more evident than the perfect *fairness* of the play on the part of the bank. It retains, confessedly, certain chances in its favor. For instance, at the roulette there are thirty-seven squares. If you stake money on either of the squares, and the ball rolls into that compartment of the wheel, you receive, not thirty-seven times your stake, but thirty-six—the difference being the "percentage" of the bank, say one in thirty-seven, or about two and two-thirds per cent. It is physically impossible that there should be any deception. The ball rolls in one direction round the interior of a kind of bowl, its centrifugal action sustaining it for a few seconds from descending to the table of thirty-seven cells which forms the bottom of the bowl. In the mean time this thirty-seven-celled table is set revolving in the opposite direction; and, finally, you can place your stake after the ball and table have been set in motion.

In like manner at the trente-et-quarante table, the cards, six packs together, are shuffled by the croupiers, but they are cut by one of the public; then are dealt into two lines, enough to count some number between thirty-one and forty (the face-cards counting ten each, and the spots according to their number), by the "tailleur," whose eyes are bent on his cards as he deals them, and not on the stakes which have been made. But even if he saw all the bets, he could not control the series in which the cards are to fall from his hands, nor has he any interest in doing so. And, finally, if he saw the bets, if he had ample opportunity to "stack the cards" before every hand, and if he were to receive all the winnings, it would take more than the adroitness of Mephistopheles himself to arrange the play so as to be against the public and in favor of the bank to any greater extent than is expressed in the well-known and undisguised "percentage."

The croupier is not Mephistopheles, no matter how fiendish he may sometimes seem to the luckless loser. He may be a very good sort of fellow, fond of music, father of a family, and all that. In fact, we have heard of one who lets lodgings. This is very un-Satanic—if the lodgings are comfortably cool. Some of the croupiers are so human as to introduce a little humor into their otherwise unvarying phrases. There is one who says, "*Faites vos jeux, messieurs!*" in a pleasant, inviting tenor. Then, suddenly changing, he utters the incisive sentence, "*Le jeu est fait—rien ne va plus!*" in a profound bass, suited to the decrees of fate. You are precluded from staking, withdrawing, or changing a piece. "*Rouge gagne, couleur perd.*" You have lost? He smiles. Your neighbor has won? The croupier smiles as well.

There have been croupiers who failed to come up to the standards of perfect morality instituted by Locke, Dymond, and others. But judge if they defrauded the public. One of them had the habit of taking stuff. (They all take snuff.) But he had also a habit of having the bottom of his snuff-box covered with adhesive wax. The box traveled from his pocket to his hand, from his hand to the table, from the table to his pocket, and so on, as snuff-boxes are apt to travel, and as the exigencies of the game, the hunger of his nostrils, and the occupation of his hands in pushing out and pulling in gold and silver coins might dictate or permit. As may readily be imagined, the box, on going into his pocket, had often a gold piece sticking to it, whereas it was invariably without any when it reappeared to view. From that day to this the company furnishes the snuff for all the croupiers, and in front of each place may be seen a large stationary box filled with it.

Another croupier was a very fat man. He seemed to suffer a good deal with heat, and had a habit of mopping his glowing face, and slipping his fingers inside his collar to loosen it from his throat. All these phenomena were quite natural, and would have excited no remark except for a peculiar circumstance. Why should the contact or impact of his linen with his skin produce a chinking sound? We have all heard of "sweating gold," but it is supposed to be quite a different process from any which could be going on under the cravat of that croupier, although the sound was similar. To settle this interesting question in physics or acoustics, M. Croupier was invited to step into a private room and disrobe, when he turned out a shower of gold. He had slipped a gold piece into his cravat each time he had raised his hand thereto, and, had his zeal not outrun his discretion, he might have carried on his very profitable operations to this day. The croupiers now are required to keep their hands before them on the table. If one so much as drops his into his lap, he is at once admonished of the irregularity by a tap on the shoulder from one of the ever-watchful officials in plain clothes always standing about.

What did the administration, in each of these cases, do to their unprofitable servant? They took from him all he had sequestrated *that day*, and then—discharged him! No prosecution, no noise, no disturbance; that is one of the company's wise principles of action. More especially in the management of the *salons de jeu* is it their motto to allow any thing rather than an *esclandre*. In fact, the loss resulting from a few moments' interruption of play, at any table in full operation, would be greater than that to be sustained from the payment of any demand, however unreasonable. Unlike the poor croupier last mentioned, the corporation, as the money rolls into its secret receptacles, takes care that there is no noise about it.

The administration go still further in their deference to good order and public opinion. A Frankfort gentleman had a dispute with another player on some matter, and the croupier decided it against the Frankforter. Whereupon he arose in his might, stormed at the idea that such a creature as the poor croupier should presume to dispute his assertions, and demanded that he, the croupier, should be put out of the room. And he was accordingly expelled by the administration!

The poor administration is grievously annoyed sometimes by the outrageous conduct of persons who choose to kill themselves in the Kursaal, of all places in the world! The latest mishap of that kind occurred at Baden. A desperate looser blew out his brains, which spattered themselves over the fatal green cloth. For a time even the imperturbability of the gaming-house officials was ruffled. Within three-quarters of an hour, however, all evidences of the "occurrence" were removed, and the play going on at the same table as usual!

A man worth millions of florins played, and lost every thing. Toward the last he grew desperate, and would dash the notes down upon the tables so that they scattered themselves about unpleasantly. It was growing conspicuous, and even disquieting to the administration. Once or twice he was expostulated with, and, at length, one of the managers said to him, with their own insinuating politeness, "*Dear* Sir, you are unfortunate. You had better go away from here. You will be more happy elsewhere. Any funds you need you may draw on us for, only do not remain here." The poor fellow cried, "Give me a thousand pounds sterling, and I will go away and never return." Quick, before he could repent or retract, the notes were his. He departed, and so far has kept his word, and staid away.

For the ludicrous side of all this: I have heard of a fellow who rushed to the roulette table, threw down a coin or two, and then nervously plucked a pistol half out of his pocket. Of course one of the watchful guardians protested against the irregularity of such conduct. "I must have back my fifty florins!" he cried, still nervously clutching the pistol with trembling fingers. "I beg you to accept twenty-five florins, and leave us." Instantly all was serene. The pistol disappeared; also the man; one of the few who finally leave the Kursaal richer than they came.

A Spaniard, Señor G——, came and played boldly and immensely. The limit of bets at the trente-et-quarante table is four thousand florins on each single bet. G—— played a while, but protested that he could not spend his time over such beggarly risks, and demanded the privilege of doubling the amount, otherwise he should go elsewhere. After consultation it was accorded to him. Before he departed, he "broke the bank" at each of the four tables in the Homburg establishment. He then went to Baden, it is said, and broke the bank there. His aggregate winnings were estimated to have been a million or more of florins. Incarceration in a Parisian prison for petty theft was a subsequent incident in his career! His winnings gone, his capital gone, then his character, and finally his liberty departed—he has now leisure for reflection. Who can say how many men have been ruined by the tradition of G——'s doings—men who fondly thought they could follow his road to the top of the hill, and then leave it without making the descent?

Please observe here that a man may "break the bank," and yet be at the same moment a loser in the aggregate. The phrase does not mean that the unknown and incalculable reserve-hoards of the association are exhausted, or even that they are infringed upon, except to the extent of the capital placed by the administration at the disposal of Fortune on any particular table on any particular day. In the entrance hall is posted a written placard, as follows:

Mise en Banque
Au Trente-et-un, 150,000 fr.
A la Roulette, 60,000 fr.
Administration.

So it will be seen that whenever, on any day, the losses of the roulette table exceed the gains by the sum of 60,000 francs, technically speaking, the bank is broken at that table; the croupiers depart; the covering cloth is spread, and so, we may be sure, is the news. "The bank was broken a few minutes since!" Fancy the thrill that would run through the idle crowds in the hotels and pensions of Homburg! "Who was it? Show me the lucky man! I will follow and copy his play to-morrow!" "No; I will play the opposite of his play! Such luck can not last!" And so on, in polyglot. One fancies that it must pay the bank very well to be broken occasionally. And, at the very same time, the "lucky man" may have lost at that same table yesterday twice the sum he gained in breaking the bank to-day.

A famous player and constant loser was the Countess Kisselef. She has been often described. Every one has heard of her being wheeled in her chair to the Kursaal, and sitting at her place at the table from the opening to the close of the play, almost uninterruptedly, seven days each week during the whole season. Fabulous tales are told regarding her age; but, from her looks, she can not be over seventy. Besides, her peculiar relations with the late Emperor Nicholas of Russia fix the date of her birth as being almost certainly since the beginning of the present century. Very large, very bent, very infirm, very bright-eyed, and very affable—such are the characteristics which now mark the appearance of this once world-famous beauty. Nicholas left her one hundred thousand florins a year. The present Emperor cut down this pension one-half, and on the remainder the Countess manages, with strict economy, to live. Of course she can not play very heavily. She is said to set aside forty thousand francs a year to lose at play, saying that, in her youth and beauty, she spent more than that sum on dress and gayety; and, now that youth and beauty are gone, she must spend her time and money on the pleasures which are left her. Gaming, with her, is not a speculation, it is an occupation—a slight excitement, almost unconnected with hope and fear. In her favor it may be said that in Russia she is much respected. When she is in St. Petersburg the street where she lives is blocked with the carriages of callers—the best society, they say.

The first charter of the *Privelegirte Bank* was given in 1842, and expired in 1866, at which time the second (also for twenty-four years), began. But there came the war in Germany in 1866, and, as one of the consequences thereof, Hesse Homburg has become Prussian, and Prussian laws forbid public gambling; so there is talk of closing the gambling-rooms next year. What will become of Homburg when that is done? *Kurhaus* means the house where people are cured, and it is not to be supposed that the mineral waters of the springs will lose their medicinal virtues in consequence of having become Prussian. This will be "Bad-Homburg" still, as long as the baths remain, though not with the double significance the word has now while the place is the greatest gaming-hell in the world. The Kur-gardens will be lovely, green, shady parks, with innumerable walks and drives and ponds. The Kurhaus will still exist in all its gorgeous splendor. And in the Kurhaus the *salons de jeu* must endure for many a year, beautiful rooms wherein time and neglect can only damage the glories of color, not the perfections of form and proportion. Who will come to be cured when there remain to be administered only nature's remedies for bodily ills? We all know that the main attraction has been the fascinating phlebotomy of the gaming-table, so good for plethora of the pocket. It is money left here by the fortune-seekers that has built up this lovely little city for us simple health and pleasure seekers—laid out and paved these model streets, smoothed, planted, and beautified the pleasure-grounds that surround the wells, formed the lovely outdoor flower-beds and tropical green-houses, provided the concerts daily given to the public, and the frequent balls to which all visitors are freely invited. All this, besides paying for the magnificent Kurhaus, and giving the shareholders dividends of fifty, seventy-five, and a hundred per cent. per annum! Yes, Homburg is a lovely place, and the *Privelegirte Bank* has done every thing for Homburg.

A SOUL'S PARTING.

ON a fine September evening in the south of France, when the purple glow of the western sky lightened the purple of the vine-clad hills, the town of Tarbes was excited. A bad railway accident had happened near it, and the injured passengers were being taken, some in carriages and some on stretchers (according to the greater or less severe nature of the harm they had received), from the station up into the town. With all the impressive warmth of the Basque population in general, the citizens crowded round the slow procession; the women with tears in those large dark eyes which seem the birth-right of the daughters of the Pyrenees, the men eagerly extending their strong arms to help to carry the wounded. Among the sufferers was a young man, who lay pale and motionless upon a stretcher. In him the good people of Tarbes took especial interest, partly because he was good-looking and apparently much hurt, partly because a lady walked beside him, who was evidently herself much bruised and shaken, but who, notwithstanding the recommendations of those around her, and even of a medical man who was hurrying about among the patients, that she should leave her companion and get into one of the carriages, still kept close to him and tried to support his head upon her arm. She was young, and also good-looking; and the language in which she now and then spoke words of compassion or endearment to the unconscious man as she bent over him, as well as the golden shade of her light brown hair, were of the north. Moreover, the wreath of orange flowers on her bonnet announced her as a bride. Some would have inferred the same truth from the blush which, even in the midst of her distress and preoccupation, now and then rose to the young lady's cheek when she noticed that her tenderness for the injured man was commented upon in the crowd.

In fact, Clara—her name was Clara—had not been the wife of Mr. Charles Temple for more than a week. Mr. Charles Temple was a young man who had achieved the rare distinction of getting credit to himself with the British public for a volume of poems. In his quality of poet Mr. Charles Temple had during his courtship of Miss Clara worshiped eloquently. As for the goddess, she on her side, after the fashion of womankind, first turned away from her suppliant, then gradually bent down toward him, and finally insisted upon descending from her pedestal, and herself turning the worshiper.

Mr. Temple, the wounded, was at once conveyed to the hospital, where the doctor found in him a bad case of concussion of the brain. This was a cruel trial for the week-old wife; but after the first shock was over she buckled to her duty. "It's a girl who, though she will run squeaking from a mouse, can fight with lions," said the old attorney, who was Clara's godfather and guardian, and had much to do with her education. The first of the lions had now shown his claws, and Clara was facing him gallantly. Notwithstanding her own bruises and shakes, she had at once established herself at her husband's bedside, refusing to give up this place, even for a while, to an experienced Sister of Charity. For several days and nights, during which her husband first lay in the bottom of a deep well of unconsciousness, and then came out of it only to wander through a dark grove of delirium, the young wife watched incessantly beside him, astonishing the nurses of Tarbes by her quiet courage and her patient helpfulness. As the aunt with whom she had lived since her childhood was a confirmed invalid, she was not unused to a sick-room. The religious faith which had been a part of the life of her English home shone forth like a charmed writing when brought near to the fire of adversity. Doctor Bernardine, the physician who attended Charles, was a kindly family man, and, touched by her misfortunes, her youth, and her patience, soon grew to treat her much as he would have treated one of his own daughters under the like circumstances. At length Temple regained consciousness, and the doctor had hope of him. But Clara relaxed nothing of her loving care. The shock she had herself received in the railway accident, followed by long anxiety and constant watching, told, however, on her health. Her husband, whose senses were half blunted by his long unconsciousness, did not observe this change in her; but the doctor's practiced eye detected it. She laughed at his fears for her, disregarded his entreaties, and the stars of love and hope still shone calmly on in her eyes beside her husband's sick-bed. One morning, however, on awaking, Charles, to his surprise, found a Sister of Charity sitting beside him, and Doctor Bernardine, when he came, was forced to reply to his eager questioning that Clara had knocked herself up with overfatigue. Days passed by; the young husband very slowly improved, but the young wife did not return to his bedside. His distress and anxiety about her knew no bounds, and were so great as to retard his own recovery. Every day he besieged the doctor with questions, and every day he received from him evasive and soothing replies, which the husband's heart but too plainly felt were veils which the physician, in compassionate care for his health, strove to draw between him and the truth. The truth was, that there was very small hope of her life. Throughout her illness she remained gentle and brave. Her chief anxiety was still for her husband; her chief regret when her own death seemed near was caused by the forecasting of his grief. No doubt deep down in her heart there were fervent wishes and prayers that she might live only a little longer with him; but these were for no human ear. At length, one evening Charles was aroused from dozing by a noise in his room. On looking round he found that the sound came from Sœur Thérèse, who was weeping violently. Then the truth at once flashed on him that Clara was dead. Yes; why hide it from him? Her spirit, while he slept unconscious of his loss, had died away like a sweet strain of music.

The night was far advanced when Charles Temple awoke from the uneasy sleep into which, notwithstanding his passion of grief, or rather because of it, physical weakness made him fall. He had been dreaming that he wandered with his pretty wife in the deep Devonshire lane where first he wooed her. He thought he had given her a white rose from his breast. She took it; but as she was about to place it in her dress a drop of blood from her heart suddenly fell upon the snowy petals; at which he started and awoke, with that sort of vague nervousness in his mind which not unusually haunts even healthy people for a few minutes after awaking from a disturbed dream. Hardly knowing what he expected to see, he glanced timidly around. Sœur Thérèse had left the room, as it was her custom to do when her patient slept: and he could distinguish the sound of her regular, heavy breathing as she slumbered in the next apartment. The candle which stood on a distant table flickered fitfully, as though fanned by an invisible shroud fluttering somewhere near it in the air. In its wavering light dark shadows crept about in the corners of the room, like the black robes of dead Sisters of Charity who had returned to visit the scene of their labors during life. Outside the wind rose and fell in long measured sighs; and a few rain-drops, which came down at intervals, pattered against the window like fingers of shivering ghosts who were there tapping for admission. A strange, sad fancy now seized Charles—a fancy which, considering the natural cast of the young poet's mind, the delirium from which his brain had so lately recovered, and his bodily weakness, might well be accounted for. He assured himself that Clara's spirit was about to visit him. Surely before her death she must have longed and yearned to bid him farewell; and what was more probable than that her spirit clung to earth till it had taken leave of him? This idea soon got such complete possession of his mind that he fixed his eyes upon the door as if really expecting her, strained his ear to catch some whisper near him, and laid his hand outside the bed to feel the touch of spirit wings. But he saw nothing except the figure of Lazarus rising from the grave, which, for the consolation of the sick and dying, the pious founder of the hospital had caused to be painted on the wall. Lazarus in the dim light looked gigantic, but was a familiar picture, nothing more. Nothing was to be heard except the noise of the window shaking in its frame as if with fear; nothing was to be felt except the touch of a large spider which fell from the bed-curtain. This stillness and emptiness of the room filled him with a nervous suspense that, as it were, enveloped and weighed down his mental powers. A clock in the town struck the quarter, and then began with its chimes to play a tune, but suddenly stopped in the middle, as though it were terrified at the sound of its own voice in the silence of the night. "Clara, Clara, where are you?" he murmured in his great trouble of mind.

The words had hardly left his lips when a low sigh sounded through the room. He started. Did that sigh come through the air from afar, or was it breathed close to him? And now there appeared upon the crimson fringe of the bed-curtain, which was slowly drawn back, a little transparent white hand. Then a faint cry burst from Charles Temple, and a tremor ran through his frame, for the apparition of his dead wife stood beside him. It was arrayed in shimmering white, and the form was so light that it might have been wafted to him on the midnight breeze. The face, in place of the bright changeful complexion, showed the ashy gray pallor of death; and though the cheeks, which had been round and dimpled, were hollow and sunk, the face was the same face that he had loved so well. There was no more sparkle of life in the eyes which were turned upon him with a fixed, mournful gaze, and lit with a strange unearthly lustre. On the colorless lips there rested a faint smile as of a moonbeam falling on a field of snow. That smile was the most ghastly thing in the whole apparition. It was as though the brilliant smiles that used to flash on him the warm sunshine of mirth and love were reflected by unnatural light in some distorting mirror. For two or three minutes Charles gazed at the phantom in silence. A great awe, an unutterable sadness, was upon him, a sadness not unmixed with a vague melancholy pleasure at the proof given, by this visit of her spirit to him after death, of her undying love. At length he spoke in a soft whisper, for he half feared that the sound of his voice would break the spell in which he lay. "My wife, my love," he said, "you are then come to take a last leave of me, to tell me that I am still dear to you."

"I was just now with the angels, but they have let me come to you again," replied a low voice that was like the voice of the old Clara heard from afar. "You love me still, Charles?"

"Love you, my heart's first and last darling," he rejoined, in tones dulled by the strong pressure of his emotion.

"There are many spirits here who watch you, although I have been away. The room is full of them," said the same low, sweet voice.

He shuddered, as well a mortal man might shudder to hear one of the novices of heaven tell what she saw with her new faculties.

"Hark!" the voice went on, while a transparent hand was raised, "the spirits talk together. But there is a bright light around me. The angel again takes my hand. Let me kiss you once more upon earth, my Charles."

Then the spectre bent down slowly toward him; but at that moment a great fear, overpowering his weakened faculties of body and mind, came upon Charles Temple, and he fainted.

Sœur Thérèse overslept herself that morning, so that the sun was up before her, and was throwing a chain of gold through the half-drawn window curtains on the floor of her patient's room as she entered it. When she looked toward the bed she crossed herself and called on the Virgin. Beside Charles Temple there lay another form. As soon as she had somewhat recovered herself, and was able to examine more closely, Sœur Thérèse found that it was the dead body of his wife. She was lying with her arms around Temple, who was completely insensible, with her head resting on his breast. Many were the stories to which this strange circumstance gave rise among the good sisters, who fully believed, and indeed still say, that the body of the heretic lady was carried at midnight by the Evil One to the apartment of her heretic husband. Doctor Bernardine found, however, a more realistic way of accounting for the marvel. When the sister who watched beside Mrs. Temple believed that she died she had really sunk into a deep trance-like sleep. To save himself unnecessary pain the doctor had not visited the supposed corpse of his favorite. Had he done so he perhaps would have discovered the mistake. Clara had awakened from her trance in a delirious state, and the passing strength given by fever had enabled her to rise. Her love for Charles being the one remaining note of harmony amidst the discords of the poor girl's brain, she had gone straight into his room, which was not far from her own. She entered the room while Charles slept and seated herself behind the curtain of his bed, as she used to do when nursing him. When he called for her she had risen and made herself visible to him. Her mind during her illness had been dwelling so much on death and eternity that it was little wonder if her wandering talk was of angels and spirits. The ephemeral strength of fever had soon given way; the dazzling light which often precedes fainting had come before her eyes. She had sunk upon her already unconscious husband, folding her wasted arms around him, and nestling her poor little head against the dear familiar breast. No aid had been at hand to keep the flickering spark of life alight within her; and so she passed away, to be, in truth, one of the angels.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

SOME interesting statements concerning our Alaska possessions were recently made in a general report from a special agent of the Treasury Department. The population of the Aleutian Islands has usually been exaggerated; the present estimate is that the Aleutian Islands proper, including Kodiac, the neighboring islands, the Alaska peninsula, and the islands of St. Paul and St. George, do not, all combined, possess a population of quite 4500. Four distinct dialects are spoken in these islands. One of these, the Fox Island dialect, is considered a superior one. The former Greek bishop of Sitka compiled a grammar and dictionary of this dialect, and translated into it several books of the New Testament. It is spoken in the Fox Islands, the Shonmaginski Islands, the islands of St. Paul and St. George, and by the natives of Billkofsky, on the peninsula. The Aleutes support themselves by fishing and hunting. A good hunter will secure one thousand dollars' worth of skins yearly. Whale oil and blubber are staple articles of winter food among them. Houses are constructed partly below and partly above ground. The roofs are thatched with straw. At first there are usually but two rooms, but as the family increases, or the sons and daughters marry, new rooms are added, until often three or four families occupy one house. The women perform all the domestic labor, construct baskets and mats from straw, and are skillful with the needle. Every settlement has a chief, called "Tyhoon." He is elected by the popular vote, and holds his position for life, but his authority is limited. The Aleutes manage the "baydarka," a skin canoe, with the utmost dexterity. These are considered excellent life-boats. The natives are industrious, and, while the fur-bearing animals are protected, can not become a burden to the government.

It will interest Americans who are traveling in Europe to learn that the eminent Banking House of Drexel, Harjes, & Co., in Paris, have deposited a large amount of gold at Basle, Switzerland, for the accommodation of tourists. Besides instructing their Swiss correspondents to draw on that city for gold, they have also made such arrangements that their circular letters of credit will be available, under all contingencies, to the holders in other parts of Europe, authorizing them to draw bills either on London or Paris.

From the geographical position of Spain, she is likely not to be entangled in the present war, but will derive much benefit from it on account of the demand it will create for her produce. Her harvest has been abundant, and quantities of wheat, wine, and brandy have been furnished the French government.

Between $20,000 and $30,000 have been placed by Congress at the disposal of Professor Benjamin Pierce, professor at Harvard, and superintendent of the Coast Survey, to be used in defraying the expense of parties to be sent abroad to observe the total eclipse of the sun, which occurs on the 22d of December next. Three expeditions will probably be sent, one under the care of Professor Pierce himself, a second under the command of Professor Winlock, the director of Harvard Observatory, and a third under the direction of a competent naval officer. The line of totality passes through the southern portions of Portugal, Spain, Italy, Greece, Turkey, and Russia. The stations to be occupied by these parties will be selected so as to lie within this line. The English astronomers have had a grant of $50,000 from Parliament to be expended in making observations.

The French journals state that on the 1st of November France will have in store 2,300,000 Chassepots. The production of them has never slackened for a moment. In July, 30,000 per week were manufactured; in August, 47,000; in September, the number will reach 52,000; and in October, 60,000. It is understood that the Prussians have ordered more than one hundred mitrailleurs. The Turkish government has ordered two hundred cannon at Vienna, to be made after the Gatling system. They are to be delivered at the rate of twenty a month, commencing with October 1.

An American lady has appeared at French head-quarters and volunteered her services as nurse. She is reported rich, young, and pretty.

In a private letter from a friend in London, he says: "The new Thames Embankment is a magnificent improvement. It is not only a convenience and a fine structure in itself, but it improves every thing in its vicinity. It affords what did not exist before—a good place from which to view the finest part of London. Starting from the Houses of Parliament, it curves, following the river, and affording a broad drive and promenade equal to the finest quais in Paris—as far as it goes. It brings the visitor under the first span of the great railway bridge leading out from Charing Cross Station, and continues its course, curving still with the river, beyond the long and handsome façade of Somerset House, till it is lost to the eye in the dingy distance. If the sun shone bright, and the air were clean and sweet, it would be an exhilarating place to visit. As it is, the openness of the place, its distance from the sooty walls, the promising young trees which enliven it with green, and the incessant life and activity of the little river steamers which go swashing by, make it a very cheerful walk."

We see it stated in an English paper that the gates of Strasbourg, which were shut a short time since, have been open day and night for more than fifty years.

It is a significant indication of the progress of religious enlightenment throughout the East that forty years ago a complete copy of the Old Testament could not be found in the city of Jerusalem. At the present time there are twenty-four Protestant schools in Palestine, in which one thousand children are taught the Bible.

The first Frenchman killed during the war was a non-commissioned officer named Pagnion. He fell in a skirmish at Niederbronn. Fusileer Krans, the soldier who killed him, received from Berlin a reward of thirty thalers.

Ole Bull is about to marry—if the event has not already transpired—a young lady of Madison, Wisconsin. She is only eighteen years old.

Fruit ripened so early and so rapidly this year that dealers have lost immensely from the market being overstocked. The season will doubtless close earlier than usual, and the later fruits command a higher price.

The present Charles Dickens does not resemble his illustrious father in appearance or manner. He is a quiet, reticent, gentlemanly man of about thirty. He dresses more plainly and quietly than did his father; his manner is not so active; his features are heavier, and his face rounder. He bids fair to be as successful as the elder Dickens in the editorial chair, being an industrious worker, personally popular, and having an excellent judgment and literary taste.

A ludicrous story is reported concerning Dr. Livingstone, which pretends to account for the long disappearance of this explorer. A letter has been written by a Detroit lady, now sojourning in Syria, which states that Captain Burton, British Consul at Damascus, is informed concerning Dr. Livingstone's adventures in Central Africa. He says that Dr. Livingstone was first persuaded, much against his wish, to marry a rude and blustering native princess, and, when he afterward proposed to leave Mrs. Livingstone in order to prosecute still further his topographical investigations, his fond father-in-law and mother-in-law interposed such strong objections that he was virtually kept a prisoner. The matter was kept a profound secret by the doctor's friends until recently. The *Detroit Post* is responsible for this curious story.

During one fortnight in August the Castle Garden Labor Exchange found employment for 824 male emigrants. Of these, 672 were not able to read or write. Employment was given during the same time to 448 women; but of these, only 97 were deficient in these fundamental elements of education.

There are not far from fifty professional journalists who, in the "season," have their head-quarters at Washington, and do an immense amount of work as correspondents and editorial writers. Among these are several well-known ladies: Mrs. Lippincott, "Grace Greenwood," of the *Tribune;* Mrs. Briggs, "Olivia," of the *Philadelphia Press;* and Mrs. Snead, the "Miss Grundy" of the *World.* Just at present, these, as well as a multitude of other literary people, are taking some recreation at the various summer resorts.

Why should delicate children be forced into the water at the sea-side, against their inclinations? Doubtless parents are well-meaning, and think to strengthen fragile bodies. But when a child is taken into the water amidst screams, entreaties, and manifest terror, no good can be expected to result. The nerves in a delicate organization must be injured. Especially should mothers avoid leaving to ignorant nurses the care of bathing young children at the sea-side.

Some few years ago a block of houses fell in the Canongate of Edinburgh, killing thirty-six people. When the workmen had almost despaired of rescuing a boy who was still almost miraculously alive beneath a weight of bricks and timber, a little voice suddenly urged them on to fresh exertions: "Heave away, chaps; I'm no dead yet," said the little voice, quite cheerily. In rebuilding the houses the lad has been immortalized. The principal doorway is adorned with his bust. His own brave words are written beneath it. The Scotch never held up to the world a more striking example of their courage and patience.

Somebody estimates that twelve or fifteen million dollars, which would have been squandered abroad during the coming season, will be spent at home in consequence of the war. Probably not half the usual number of Americans will go to Europe this year. Whereat hotel proprietors in our own summer resorts are rejoicing.

"Ladies who do their own sewing," remarks an exchange, "may be interested in the fact that there are 20,649 stitches in a shirt." We think that depends—on how the shirt is made!

At the late sale of Lamartine's furniture at his country place, Monceau, even his most humble neighbors were anxious to obtain something which had belonged to him. A peasant paid eighty francs for an old arm-chair, which had little to commend it but its souvenirs, and a vine-grower bought for two hundred francs a little table, whose sole value—great in his eyes—was that Lamartine had often written on it.

The most silent soldier in the German army is Count Von Moltke. Officers say of him: "Moltke is silent in seven languages."

Seventy-five days are sufficient to accomplish a tour around the world, according to Dr. Prime, who, with his wife, has recently completed this journey, though he took a year for it, stopping in various places. He has traveled between 30,000 and 40,000 miles during the year, and all without the slightest accident.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

IN all policies of life insurance these, among a host of other questions, occur: "Age of father, if living?" "Age of mother, if living?" A man in the country who filled up an application made his father's age, "if living," one hundred and twelve years, and his mother's one hundred and two. The agent was amazed at this showing, and fancied he had got an excellent subject; but, feeling somewhat dubious, remarked that the man came of a very long-lived family. "Oh, you see, Sir," replied the applicant, "my parents died many years ago, but 'if living' would be aged as there put down." "Oh, I see," said the agent.

A paper encourages the young by the example of a "youth who formerly lived in a hovel; yet with only his two hands and a crowbar opened a jewelry store; and now he is living in a large stone residence in Sing Sing."

A lady caught her husband breaking her hoops. Two hours afterward the unfortunate man was seen at a drug store purchasing hair restorative.

A lazy dyspeptic was bewailing his own misfortunes, and speaking with a friend on the latter's hearty appearance. "What do you do to make you so strong and healthy?" inquired the dyspeptic. "Live on fruit alone," answered the friend. "What kind of fruit?" "The fruit of industry; and I am never troubled with indigestion."

"Why do you walk, Bob, when you've got a donkey to ride?" said a gentleman to an Irish lad who was walking by the side of his donkey. "Shure, then," said the boy, "I am just walking to rest my legs."

A Chicago music publisher has issued a song entitled, "Father will Settle the Bill." All the young ladies in the city practice it at home as well as at the stores.

It is said that a man who was staying at a Western hotel last week woke up one morning and couldn't find his pillow any where. Just as he was about giving up the search he put his hand to his head, and found that the pillow had got jammed into his ear. The regulation allowance at a hotel is one feather for a pillow, and two for a bolster.

LADIES' BRIDLES.

What very pretty things
Are the bonny bonnet strings
Of your idol!
Do you know the technic name
That is given to the same?—
'Tis a *bridle.*

No man should marry till
He can pay his dinner bill—
That's the wit in it:
Pour vintage of the South!
The most loving little mouth
Wants a *bit* in it.

Mrs. Mullonney requested her ten-year-old daughter Polly to go to Fogarty's dram-shop and get half a pint of Bourbon. "And mind, Polly," she added, "you needn't say who it is for." "No need of telling him, mamma," answered innocent Polly, "for he'll know the bottle."

A school-girl, in writing to her mother, says: "I get along nicely with all my teachers except Miss ——; but I don't blame her, because she accidentally shot the young man she was engaged to, and it naturally makes her feel kind of cross, especially on cloudy days."

"Where's your wife, John?" asked a rural mother of her son, who had been to the city. "I hain't got any." "Why, you wrote us as how you was goin' to marry a rich York lady." "So I was; but just as we was about to be made one a policeman came in and took the gal off for stealing; an' I wouldn't try to marry another New York lady, if she was worth her weight in gold."

Some thirty-five years ago a lieutenant of the United States army met and fell in conversation with a somewhat inebriated individual far west of the Rocky Mountains. "Why don't you return to your native country?" inquired the lieutenant. "Return to my country? Never!" "Why, my friend?" "I'm a manifest destiny man, I am; and my country 'll be along here long before I die, stranger."

An uncharitable mocker commends to the Emperor of the French the poetical reflection of the pickpocket who was caught in stealing a cheap handkerchief, viz.:

"When I think of what I am,
Compared to what I was,
I fear I've thrown myself away
Without sufficient cause."

What is worse than raining cats and dogs?—Hailing omnibuses.

It makes a great difference whether glasses are used over or under the nose.

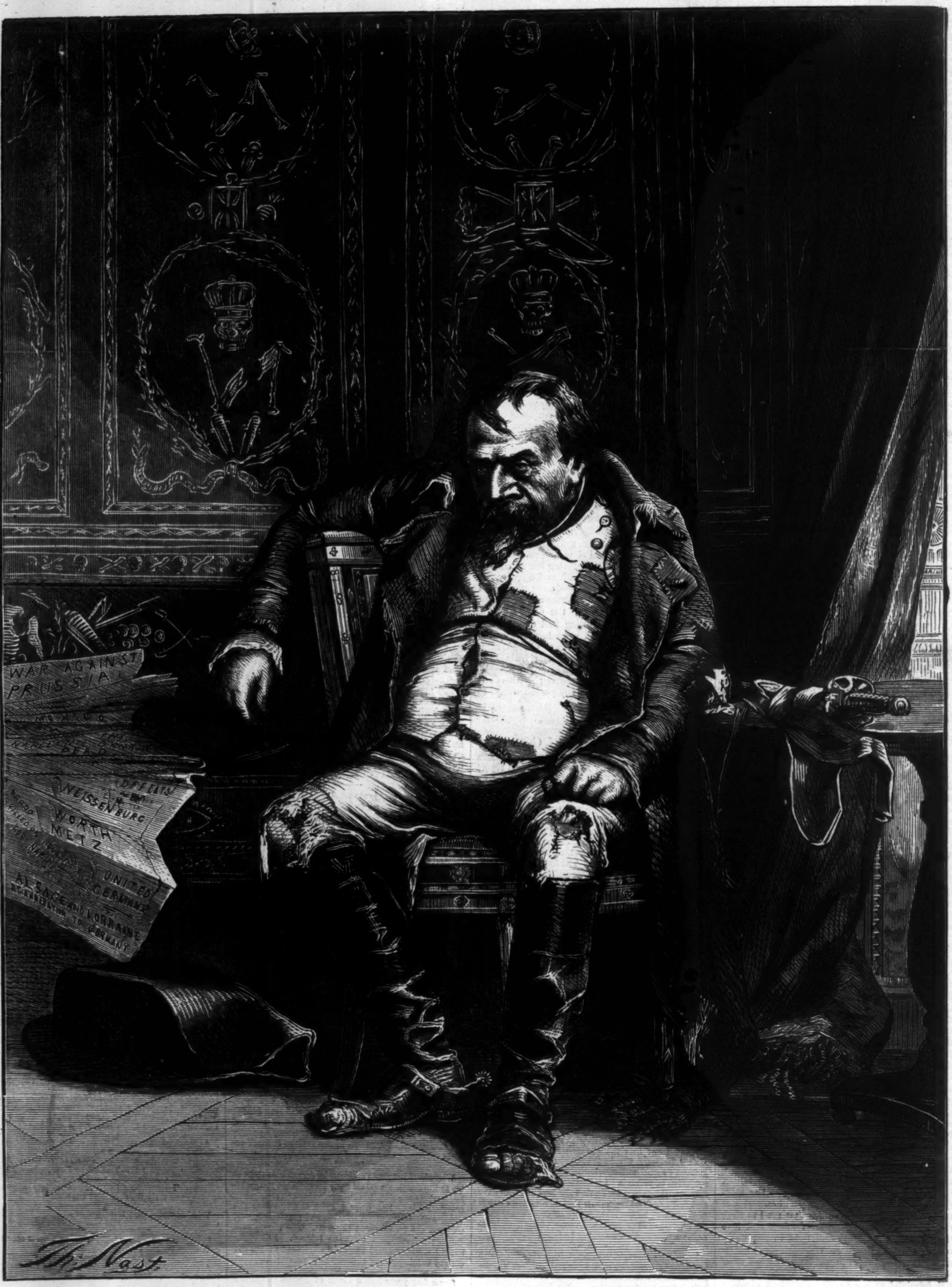
A clergyman who had been accused of preaching long sermons, excused himself on the ground that the church was a large one.

An old toper, who had attended the Polytechnic, where the learned professor caused several explosions to take place from gases produced from water, said: "You don't catch me putting water in my liquor after this. I had no idea before that water was so dangerous, though I never liked to take much of it."

The only persons who really enjoy bad health are the doctors.

"What is home without a mother?" as the young girl said when she sent the old lady to chop wood.

An old Indian, who had witnessed the effect of whisky for many years, said a barrel labeled whisky contained a thousand songs and fifty fights.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ALSACE AND LORRAINE
REANNEXATION TO GERMANY
Th. Nast.

NAPOLÉON

"DEAD MEN'S CLOTHES SOON WEAR OUT."

GROUSE SHOOTING.

The Twelfth of August is a day looked forward to by the "grown boys" of Great Britain with as much interest as juveniles among us regard the approach of the Glorious Fourth.

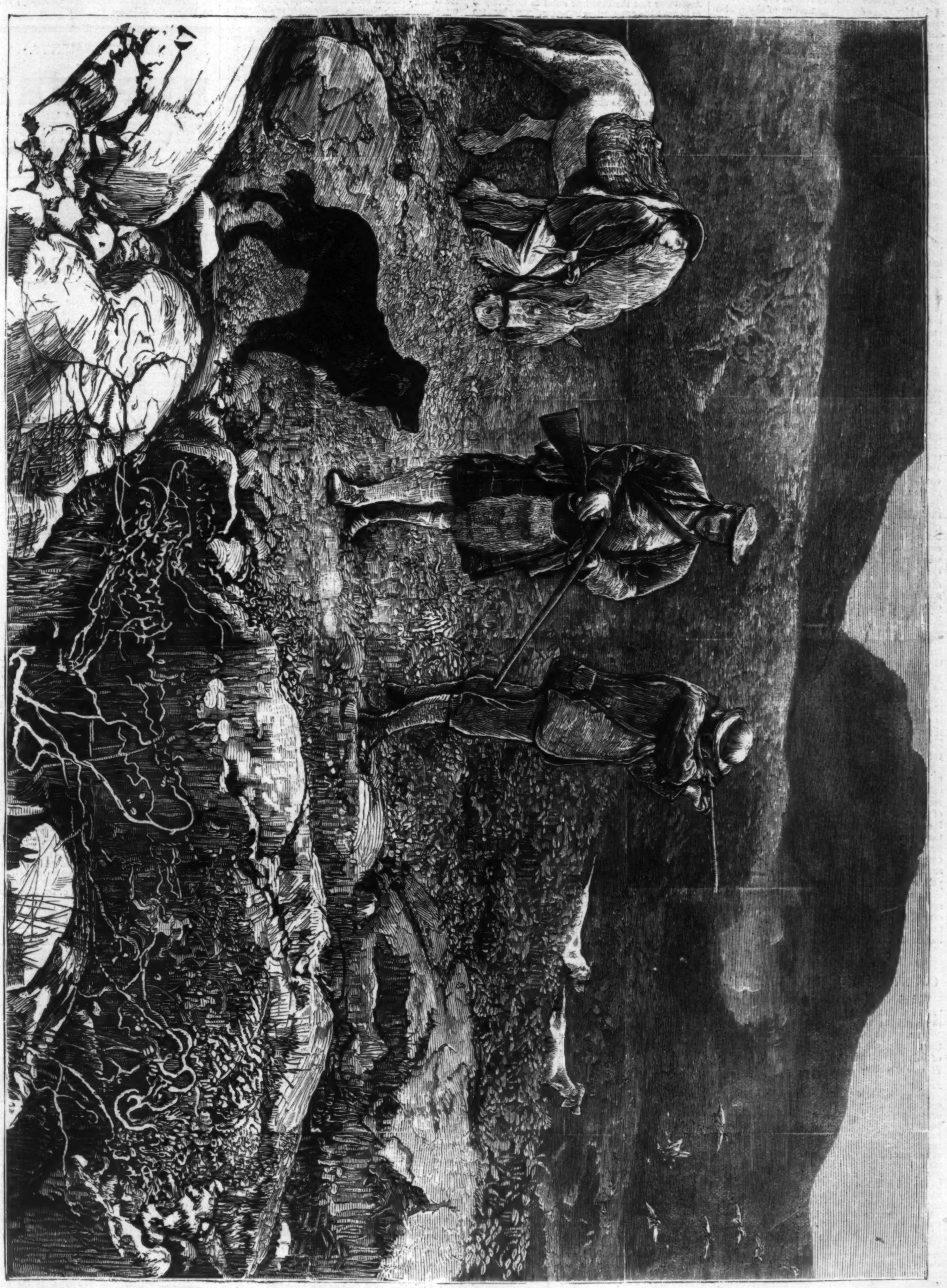
Many an important piece of legislation is hurried through the imperial Parliament to admit of an adjournment in time to allow the hereditary rulers of the country to reach the northern moors on the day when the slaughter of grouse is by law permitted to commence.

The preservation of game birds has been reduced to a science by the thrifty Scots; and many a *puir laird* is indebted to the value of the "*shooting*" on his otherwise worthless property for his winter supply of oat-meal and whisky.

All the moorland of Scotland is carefully preserved, and, although the yearly slaughter of birds is very large, the supply appears to keep pace with the demand.

Early in the season, before the birds have "packed" over good ground, the sport is not more fatiguing than any other kind of shooting; but later, when the young birds have attained their full strength of flight, it requires a keen eye to mark the distant point of descent of a pack from which the hunter may have picked a brace on their first rise.

The whir-r-r of a grouse, as it darts from its lair amidst the thick heather, is music to the ear of a practiced gunner, but sadly discomposing to the nerves of a novice. Even southern pointers, well trained to the *urr*, *urr* of the English partridge, wink their eyes and shake their heads on hearing the noise accompanying the flight of the grouse.



GROUSE SHOOTING IN SCOTLAND.

THE COLOR OF SEA AND SKY.

Smokers have all noticed that the smoke from the end of a pipe or cigar is bluer than that which they puff from the mouth, and many may have wondered what the reason of this could be. The contrast may be well seen on a bright sunny day. This is, in fact, the simplest form of the experiment of the condensation of vapors causing them to pass through a fine blue to a white condition, which Professor Tyndall exhibited about two years ago, and which he employed to explain the blue color of the sky and the remarkable polarization of its light. The finer state of division in the freshly formed smoke gives it its bright blue color, as does the finely divided aqueous vapor give to the blue sky; the smoke which has passed through the pipe-stem and mouth has become more condensed, and consequently gives a whiter cloud.

The color of water is, it appears, to a great degree dependent on the same cause as that of the sky. M. Soret, of Geneva, soon after Professor Tyndall's researches on the cause of the blueness of the sky were published, made similar researches on the waters of the Lake of Geneva, and found that the light from the water, when blue, was polarized as the light from the sky, and, so far, there was the probability of the cause of the color being similar in the two cases. That particles in a fine state of division are the cause of the blueness of water as well as of sky is also made evident from a comparison of the waters of different lakes, seas, and rivers. There are two popular theories as to the cause of the color of masses of water, which have very deep root, and yet must, it seems, be abandoned. One is that seas or lakes are blue by reflecting the blue sky. The second popular theory which seems to be ill-founded is that the green color of lakes, rivers, and seas is due to plants growing on the bottoms and giving their color by reflection. The green color is produced in the same way as the blue in all probability, and may be due to a yellowness of the water in some cases, but it is less easily accounted for than the blue color. M. Sainte-Claire Deville is quoted by M. Soret as stating that waters which give a white residue on evaporation are *blue*, while those which give a yellow residue are *green*. Reflection of the color of the sky, and of the plant-color from the bottom, does no doubt produce color of water in some cases, but it is only in shallow pools that the latter can have any effect, or through perfectly smooth surfaces that the former can be effective.

Some cases of water-coloration which observers have noted will be not out of place here: 1. Intensely blue on a bright day, with pale sky and large cumulus clouds, was the color of water in reservoirs twenty feet deep at Plumstead, depositing chalk (by means of which the water is softened according to a patent process). 2. Intensely blue—the Mediterranean at Marseilles. 3. Bright blue—Lake of Geneva. 4. Darker blue, tending to indigo—sea near Guernsey; also the Laacher See, in the Eifel. 5. Pale blue—sea near chalk cliffs, being at a little distance from the coast green or grayish. 6. Pale blue or grayish blue—the Rhone, the Moselle, glacier stream, etc. 7. Green—the Rhine, the Scheldt (very markedly so at Antwerp, as testified in Belgian pictures), the Seine, Thames Estuary, etc. 8. Intense green—in patches on the Lake of Geneva; in the evening, when the sun was just below the mountains, more frequently on the Lakes of Thun and Lucerne. 9. Bright green — the sea, on a windy day, with bright sun, off the Isle of Man. 10. The sea round the coral reefs of Florida is said to be intensely green; when away from the coast it is deep blue. 11. On a heavy, clouded day, with rain, gleams of sunshine out at sea give patches of green color and reddish-brown. 12. Water standing in an old copper mine at Killarney was intensely green, while the water in the lake at the side was black in the mass. 13. Red color is produced in some seas by algæ, in others and in some rivers by the breaking up of soil colored red by iron. 14. Opaque green color is produced in ponds by unicellular organisms, which sometimes swarm in these waters. They may similarly become red. Perhaps the most remarkable instance of blue color, due to the optical properties of water, is the blue grotto of Caprera, where, at any rate, the reflection of the sky is eliminated. A similar phenomenon is the glorious blue and green of the glacier fissures.

Leaving the question of surface reflection aside, which can only come into play in the case of road-side pools and such mirror-like waters, and also leaving aside the appearance of vegetation in clear shallow streams and ponds, it seems that at the present time we may ascribe the blue color of masses of water to a peculiar reflection of the light from within the water, accompanied with polarization, and depending on suspended particles. Blackish, brownish, and yellow color is due to vegetable matter in solution; reddish-brown to iron, sometimes; green, sometimes, to copper or algæ; but the green commonly seen on seas, lakes, and rivers, like that of glacier fissures, probably admits of a similar explanation to that of the blue.

COUNT GASPARIN ON THE WAR.

We give below a vigorous protest, from the pen of Count Gasparin, against the war which the ambition of Napoleon has forced upon France. The letter was originally addressed to the editor of the *Journal des Debats*, under date of July 18, and has been translated expressly for *Harper's Weekly*.

Mr. Editor:

Every man should have the courage to express his opinion. In a moment like this the duty of speaking, of speaking openly and explicitly, enforces itself even on those who, like me, have long since become strangers to public affairs. If, from the depths of my retirement, I raise a voice which at least has the merit of being sincere and impartial, it is because it seems to me that in being silent I should be guilty of real cowardice. I love my country too well, and I also love justice too well, not to protest against the pretended unanimity of the warlike passions which are about to hurry us away.

But no, these passions are by no means unanimous. There are in France, I know, a very considerable number of citizens who believe neither in the necessity nor the lawfulness of the war against Prussia. These citizens will not raise an outcry in the streets, or put articles in the papers; but they love peace, they cling to it, they have voted for it, and they are somewhat astonished that this has already been forgotten by their representatives. These citizens will not see a war begun which nothing justifies in their sight—they will not witness a conflict which wounds their conscience, and perhaps threatens the future of a whole generation—they will not submit to the anguish in store for fathers of families, to say nothing of the indefinite increase of our conscriptions, our debts, and our taxes, without yielding more and more to a feeling which is as yet hardly more than instinct, but which will soon ripen into energetic conviction and obstinate resistance. I think that it will be well to pay some consideration to these men, not noisy in general, and slow to make up their minds, but who, nevertheless, will be found to hold the balance of power in the end. Now, this is the conclusion arrived at by their good sense, and above all, their conscience.

In the first place (and herein lies the whole question), they have never thought that France had to seek revenge for Sadowa. They have been ignorant up to this time that France was conquered at Sadowa with Austria, or that the Prussians failed in their duty to us in not letting themselves be beaten. They have too high an opinion of French honor to believe it compromised because some one or other has taken it upon himself to win a great battle in Europe, and they have too high an idea of the power of France to believe it put in peril because Germany has organized itself into a nation. The old theories of the balance of power resting on the division and weakness of our neighbors seem to them to have had their day, and they would regard it as a crime to shed a single drop of blood for such theories.

When the declaration of war of the Duke of Gramont broke forth like a thunder-clap in a cloudless sky, these citizens thought at first that we must have received some mortal insult, that the country was in peril, and that we had vainly addressed ourselves to Prussia through those diplomatic measures which a government usually exhausts before uttering words of defiance and giving the signal for kindling the national and military susceptibilities, so easily aroused among us. Then they perceived, to their extreme surprise, on one side, that the outbreak had been preceded by no secret and amicable remonstrances, and that we had begun at the end; and, on the other, that the candidature of the Prince of Hohenzollern—more a Murat than a Prussian besides—could not be a surprise to us, as John Lemourne had spoken of it, several months before, in the *Journal des Debats*, and the German journals had continually discoursed of it to their readers.

Still more, this candidature was withdrawn; whereupon the citizens of whom I am speaking said to themselves that, unless we were determined on war, and only seeking a pretext, the affair was ended. The withdrawal from the candidature, announced by the father of the prince, was officially communicated to our government by the Spanish Minister.

What, therefore, was not the surprise—and this word falls short of the meaning—of the sincere friends of peace to learn that nothing was concluded? Violent journals, intemperate in their language and crude in their reports of affairs, told us that it was necessary to impose on Prussia not a renunciation, but a humiliation; that is to say, to insist upon war; war at any cost took the place of what had formerly been called peace at any price.

What was the King of Prussia to do? He had just declared to our embassador that he had opposed the nomination of the Prince of Hohenzollern, and that he approved of his withdrawal. On seeing that something more was demanded of him, it was natural that he should call to mind that communication to the Corps Législatif, bearing the character of an ultimatum, with which our Minister of Foreign Affairs had begun without the slightest negotiation.

The French citizens who have no revenge to take for Sadowa may regret that the King did not see fit to repeat once more to M. Benedetti that he had opposed a nomination thenceforth withdrawn *de facto*, as had been certified by Spain. But as to finding in the refusal to say this again a cause or even a pretext for war—as to thinking that this authorized us to inundate Europe with blood—they are very far from it, I assure you.

The communication of M. Ollivier has filled them with consternation, and wrung their hearts. Between these petty details of etiquette and that terrible conclusion, war declared, the disproportion seems to them so great that their conscience protested as loudly as their reason against it. They are terrified at the frightful responsibility which it is sought to cast upon their country.

M. Bismarck has addressed a note to the foreign powers concerning what has taken place! Well, is this strange after the declaration of M. De Gramont? Germany is making military preparations! Are not we making them also, and which are farther advanced?

I repeat, what most alarms the friends of peace among us is to see to what degree any serious pretext on our side is lacking. Observe that these friends of peace are at the same time friends of liberty. Now they can not but remember that in France a great war and liberty rarely go hand in hand.

A great war! this scarcely expresses all. What school-boy ever will believe that a short campaign is in question? It is not two armies, but two nationalities, almost two races, that are entering upon this strife. Suppose even a Jena; nothing will be concluded! Germany, wounded to the heart, and for whose unity we shall have done more than Bismarck—Germany will remain profoundly hostile to us. It was the men of Jena, indeed, who roused all Europe against us, who occupied Paris in 1814, and decided the fate of Waterloo in 1815.

Such are the thoughts which every day become clearer among our fellow-citizens, the friends of peace. No victory, no increase of territory, will soften to them the inconsolable grief of seeing violence done to justice in the name of their country.

And their number will go on increasing. Should the war be prolonged, when our agricultural classes are attacked, when we have irretrievably entered on that road which leads to the last man and the last dollar, then it will be perceived that if it is criminal to make war when it is not indispensable, it is imprudent to mistake for the will of a people an outbreak provoked by a Minister, the clamor of the mob, the momentary enthusiasm of the masses for the flag, and, in fine, the ardor of the enemies of parliamentary liberty, who avail themselves of a war to recover lost ground.

I utter these words without hesitation. Let them compromise me—so much the worse—I shall have obeyed duty, and protested, as far as in me lies, against an act which is repugnant to my conscience.

Will it be said that in doing this I am wanting in patriotism? Fox and his friends thought themselves very patriotic when they condemned, in Parliament, the war against France. We are apt to be hurried away by the high-sounding phrase, "The flag of our country is unfurled, and we must follow it!" That is to say, we can no longer speak or write or think. Never was maxim of despotism better conceived. A declaration of war is hurried on, the flag is unfurled; and then silence opinion! Silence in the court! The flag is unfurled!

But if the flag is unfurled, so is our conscience; and we will not, and can not, accept the least share of moral responsibility in a butchery which nothing renders lawful in our sight.

There are, it appears, two kinds of patriotism: that which follows the flag wherever it goes, were it that of Leclerc on the way to re-establish slavery at San Domingo, and that which struggles at its own risk and peril against every thing which seems to it to compromise the country's honor. For this kind of patriotism, the country's honor, the aim is not to win numerous battles, but to practice justice, and become the representative and patron of all generous causes. This patriotism also has its ambition, as you see, and does not aspire to a mediocre place for the country.

Will it be objected that the protests of the friends of justice and peace come too late? In any case, this is not their fault. The matter has been so abruptly managed, and its conclusion hurried on so rudely in the first act, that we are quite excusable for not coming in time.

But is it quite true that we are not in time? It would be an insult to the men who govern us to suppose that at the moment of firing the first gun—at the moment of setting in play all the ingenious machinery for killing that has been invented—they will not feel some honorable hesitation. When the hour shall strike for beginning, indeed, what may have incalculable results for all nations, who knows whether the firmly pacific intervention of impartial countries such as England may not yet succeed in preventing the fatal encounter? Who knows whether, even later, the re-establishment of peace may not be rendered more prompt and easy by the mere fact that there are declared adversaries of the war in France?

In any case, it was necessary that this should be said. For wounded consciences there is but one means of relief possible—protest.

Many others think like myself; but were I alone I should none the less relieve my heart by publishing this protest and signing it.

A. De Gasparin,
Ex-Deputy.

P.S.—Historians who may wish to explain why King William did not grant one more hearing to our Embassador will not do ill, perhaps, to remember that M. De Gramont, on being interrogated in the Corps Législatif as to whether the demand concerning the Hohenzollern candidature was the *only one presented* by us to Prussia, *refused to answer*. This refusal, coupled with the first communication made by M. De Gramont to the tribune, had a significance which must have been found as striking at Ems as at Paris. M. Emile Ollivier alone seems not to have comprehended it.

I wish to say, for the benefit of those who do not know me, that no one has blamed more harshly than myself several of the acts of Bismarck in 1866; but the faults of Bismarck in 1866 have absolutely nothing to do with this fact, which is as clear as daylight—our government in 1870 makes war because it wishes to do so.

LADY FAIR.

Underneath the beech-tree sitting,
With that everlasting knitting,
And the soft sun-shadows flitting
Through your wavy hair;
All my thoughts and plans confusing,
All my resolution loosing,
Say, what matter's in your musing,
Lady fair?

Oh, the charm that in your face is!
All the loves and all the graces!
To be clasped in your embraces
Monarch's guerdon were:
Not a man, I ween, who sees you
But would give his life to please you,
Yet you say—that lovers tease you!
Lady fair!

One by one, to their undoing,
Fools in plenty come a-wooing,
Baffled still, but still pursuing,
Tangled in the snare:
In your ever-changing smile hid,
Or beneath your sleepy eyelid,
Many a heart it hath beguiléd,
Lady fair.

While the summer breezes fan her
Gently with their leafy banner,
Venus' form and Dian's manner,
Doth my goddess wear:
Lives the man who can discover
Any secret spell to move her
To the wish of mortal lover,
Cold as fair?

But to see those dark eyes brighten,
And for me with kindness lighten,
While the cheek's rich colors heighten,
What would I not dare?
To inform their scornful splendor
With the love-light soft and tender,
Bow the proud heart to surrender,
Lady fair!

By the lives that thou hast broken,
By the words that I have spoken,
By the passion they betoken,
I have loved, I swear,
Only thee since I have seen thee;
And, if woman's heart be in thee,
I will die, but I will win thee,
Lady fair!

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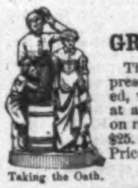

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